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MIRIAM.

The Romance of Heatherleigh Hall.

By MANDA L. CROCKER.

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"Yes," she assented, seemingly much relieved, "an' thin ye'd have to see the gallery, too, ma'am, with its foine paintings, shure; every wan sees the gallery, ma'am."

This settled it, and we soon passed from the deep shadows of the central hall out through an open court, and back once more into the cozy servants' quarters. Here we found old Ancil Clarkson sitting by the fire with a mug of beer for company, and waiting for the prospective "tay" Peggy had in view.

The next day Clarkson took a large brass key from a ring in the wall, and unlocking the fateful drawing-room door, bade me enter.

It was a spacious apartment, elegantly furnished. The high-backed, carved chairs and deep sofas stood in formal stiffness on either side the room, blending their dark outlines with the somber shade of the stained oak wainscoting. The two deep windows heavily curtained with rich damask hangings depending from their ancient-looking rings opened out on a veranda, whose ornamental row of carved pillars put me in mind of knights in armor.

At the opposite end of the apartment was a fire-place, whose massive mantel was decorated with curious vases and ancient relics, of which Peggy could not give the history.

In their niches, flanking the fire-place, were two pieces of exquisite statuary, standing out in ghostly relief in the shadows.

The shining surface of the polished floor was covered here and there with costly rugs of "Turkish design," as Peggy said.

But after all there was an unbending, uncompromising air about the drawing-room that prompted me to be brief in my visit. Our footsteps made an unwelcome sound of obtrusive impression that grated on my ears as we walked about in the hollow silence, and I felt a repugnance creeping over me which I had not experienced in the other apartments.

"The gallery next," murmured Clarkson, locking the door of the drawing-room behind us. "Oi don't mind the gallery, ma'am, though its histhory is forninst the whole of Heatherleigh in its theribleness."

I made no reply. I was coming closer to the object of my visit, the portrait of Miriam, and my promise to be fulfilled.

CHAPTER V.

The gallery! I never can forget it, or rather, the memory of those faces will never slip from my mental vision.

There were portraits on the walls, in groups and in pairs. Some of them were noble-looking and of pleasing countenance, while others looked down at me with a frowning face, as if to say: "Why do you intrude on our silent existence."

There were faces smiling forth from their wealth of long, sunny curls, and stern visages sporting powdered queues and looking coldly down over their great, stiff ruffs with an aristocratic stare.

I viewed each face with deep interest as the old housekeeper gave me its name and history as far as she knew, as we went from one to another down the long, narrow apartment.

"Here," she said, in a voice of pitying tenderness, as she crossed the floor to the opposite wall, "here are the portraits of the puir, unforthunate childer as has bin sint away from Haythurleigh by the therible distiny ov the house."

She paused before a row of portraits with their faces turned to the wall and folded her arms, while the great pearly tears rolled down her withered cheek. A strange

"MIRIAM," I SAID, NERVOUSLY.

yearning sensation seized me, supplanted by a nervous, chilling agitation. It was the first time I had felt my self-possession leaving me since I came to the Hall; standing there before the group of ill-fated sons and daughters branded with disinheritance, a flood of emotions indescribable rushed over me, and I mutely motioned Peggy to go on.

Gently, then, she turned the face coming first in order over. A bright face met my sympathetic vision, with a half-serious, half-playful expression. "Elanch," said Peggy, "an' that's all Oi know or 'im, because his curse fell long forninst me loife." The next, a beautiful face with dark, expressive eyes and perfect mouth proclaimed her the daughter of a proud family. "Agatha," said Peggy, wiping off the dust with a caressing movement. "An' its her, ma'am, that ran away with a young Frinch Count, because the family couldn't bear the lolkes ov a Frinchman. She died, poor thing, away off in France, somewhere on the banks o' the Seine. An' she niver coom back afthur her family forbid her iver showin' her proud, wilful face again at the Hall."

There were two more portraits of the broken-hearted, disinherited children who had gone out from the doors, and of whose fate none at the Hill cared to know after the gates had been shut against them. The next face was that of a handsome young man, whose dark, soulful eyes looked into mine as if to say, "pity me." "Allan," Clarkson murmured, as the fascinating orbs appealed to us, "puir Allan he was sint away in disghrace, ma'am, all because he loved a cottage lassie insthead ov the wan his family chose out ov the high carcles."

"Did he ever come back?" I asked, pitying this promising young face so early clouded because of vanity.

"Ooh hoon!" moaned Peggy, "an' Allan was niver the wan to come back, ma'am. He married the lassie and took her with him whin he left the country, me Loddy."

"And you know nothing more of his history then?" I asked, catching a last glimpse of the dark, honest eyes as she turned the portrait back to the wall.

"No more'n ye know ov the dead, ma'am; only a rumor now an' thin, an' rumors don't count for any thing."

But when the housekeeper put her withered hand, trembling with increased agitation, on the rim of the last reversed portrait, I felt that I was to look on the face of Miriam.

A deft movement of the trembling hand, a lowering of the crimson cord and the proud, beautiful features of my friend's unhappy child swung over to the dim, dreamy light of the long, silent gallery.

"An this wan is the puir, proud-hearted childer of me Leddy Parcival," sobbed Clarkson.

"Miriam," I said, nervously.

"The same, ma'am," replied Peggy, choking back a sob, while her warm Irish heart ached for the vision of the proud face which had nestled on her bosom in years agone.

Should I tell her of Miriam? I looked into the smoldering fire of the eyes on the canvas, and caught the answer as if by intuition. No!

The picture fascinated me strangely. There was something about it so inexpressibly sweet, yet so proudly sorrowful withal, that my whole soul went out to the sad, imperious woman, buried, as it were, at Bayview, with more fervency than ever before.

What a tale those firmly-shut lips might unfold could they speak. What a dearth of paternal affection, what loneliness of life could the Miriam beyond the sea reveal if she chose to tell it all!

And this was the portrait, then, I was to carry home with me, and I as yet, had no plan to assist me in keeping my rash promise.

Poor girl!" I said softly, as Clarkson turned the face to the wall once more. Daughter of my friend, and come to this: her proud face turned to the wall in the hall of her ancestors!

I could not trust myself to say more, and Clarkson led the way to a corner, where the shadows were fittingly the thickest, and startled me by saying in a curious tone: "An' here is the masthur, ma'am, a hangin' all alone; all alone! The Leddy Parcival niver had her portait painted. She would niver sit for it, ma'am, and she was perfectly roight in it, too, afthur knowin' ov the throubles coomin' down on her daughther from the long loine of mistheries. She didn't want her face to appear in the Haythurleigh gallery, at all, at all!"

Clarkson's last sentence gave me an idea, and I could almost have shouted for joy at the promising proposition, but controlling myself with an effort, remembering in time that it must be matured, I gave my attention to the face of Sir Rupert.

Clarkson drew back the crape covering, and put aside the window curtains in order to let in more light. A gleam of sunlight flickered for a moment across the painting. Truly he must have been graff and obstinate, judging from the heavy frowning brows and sinister-looking eyes, towards; yet under the uncompromising exterior I fancied I could see a deep, corroding grief, that, blighting his life in its prime, had mixed for his remaining days "the wormwood and the gall."

"And this is he wko rooms about the Hall?" I questioned, taking my eyes from the stern countenance on canvas and turning to Peggy.

She nodded in the affirmative, and drew the crape back over the portrait of the "masthur of Haythurleigh," as she would say, and together we left the gallery.

We had now been over the Hall, with the exception of a few apartments of "no intherist at all," and the library. To this last-named room we turned our attention. It was on the first floor, just across the central hall from the fateful drawing-room. Nearly one whole side of the apartment was taken up with books. I looked at the hundreds of richly-bound volumes on the oaken shelves, after Clarkson pulled a heavy tasseled cord and drew back a long silken hanging of green, which hid the majority of the books from view, and wondered who next would aspire to the ownership of such a collection of elegantly-bound volumes.

"They're as the masthur left 'em," remarked Peggy, breaking in on my speculative reverie, "an' he was a great man for the books, too, ma'am."

"Tell me the story of Miriam now," I said, crossing the room to a great deep chair, with its inviting cushions, that stood by the elaborately-carved secretary in the corner.

"Niver a bit ov it will Oi be afthur tellin' ye's in this part o' the hall, ma'am. Oi'd be afthur gettin' into me own solde ov the house afore Oi've a wurrud to say about it at all."

"Agreed, Peggy," I answered, glad to humor her by going anywhere, if I only might hear the story of the daughter of my friend.

Once more in her "own solde ov the house," Clarkson lighted her pipe and sat down where the bright sunshine streamed in through the white dimity-curtained windows. I could not blame her for wanting to get back into her own cheerful rooms again, for I felt happily relieved of the shadows myself.

CHAPTER VI.

And now comes the story of Miriam as I heard it from the lips of Peggy Clarkson and her husband during my stay at the Hall. After it, the sad, tragical end of Sir Rupert, supplemented by a strange experience of my own while beneath the ancestral roof.

Twenty years before the utter desolation of the Hall a little tid bit of mortality was laid tenderly in Lady Percival's arms, and great tears fell silently on the lace fabric of its dress, while her white lips murmured: "Sorrow's child." While the baby face nestled unconsciously on the fair mother's bosom the mother heart made agonized moan over her first-born.

This was the welcome Miriam received as she lay wondering at the gray October dawning her sliding her advent into this curious world of ours.

Lady Percival remembered the terrified look of the attendants' faces when it was announced that a daughter was born "to me Leddy."

It was then that the legend of the house of the Percivals came up before her with menacing power.

Down the ancestral lines had come the tradition, fulfilled to a fault, they said, in the generations preceding this last ill-fated child.

When Lady Percival was yet a happy bride Clarkson had communicated to her the story of the hereditary curse, coloring her narration vividly as she went on in detail to prove its correctness. And this is the maledictive tradition: The eldest child

PEGGY'S STORY OF MIRIAM.

of each generation, if a daughter, and the youngest, if a son, would live to incur the lasting hatred of their paternal parent. The curse entailed on the hapless offspring dated away back to some wicked old ancestor who had, by some evil power, handed down his wrath to the innocent, because of the wretched life she had led. This antecessor, so ran the legend, was "a youngest child" and had wedded the "eldest daughter" of a house which had become alienated from him because of his dissipated life. The wife had gone back to her family hearth and forsaken him entirely, and he had hated her with bitter hatred for her desertion.

Perhaps Clarkson would have never dared to tell the fair young wife of this terrible tradition, but it happened to the wife of Sir Rupert as it had to the other unfortunate and sorrowing mothers. It was a part of their destiny to unravel the legend in spite of imposed secrecy.

Lady Percival, on her first visit to the Heatherleigh gallery, had been strangely impressed with the trio of portraits whose bright faces, reversed, gave to them an air of mystery.

She had asked her husband why they were hung so strangely, and he had grown pale and agitated, and had answered evasively, at the same time leading her away with some remark entirely foreign to the question.

Being curious concerning the portraits, and mystified by her husband's unsatisfactory reply, she sought an interview with Clarkson, telling her of Sir Rupert's unexplainable demeanor during her visit to the gallery. Thus it happened that she heard the legend of her husband's ancestors related.

And the housekeeper had, with all the superstitious influence of her Irish nature, impressed on the susceptible mind of her mistress the weight of the withering sorrow of this woeful legend.

Yet it had never come to her, after all, as forcibly as when the innocent, upturned face on her agonized bosom proclaimed her the mother of "the eldest child—a daughter."

Then Lady Percival had shuddered and wept over the sleeping infant, gathering her closer to her aching heart and wailing: "Oh! my darling! my precious child; my ill-fated one! May the kind Father, in His mercy, spare thee from this awful thing—a father's hatred."

With her tear-wet cheek pressed to that of her child Lady Percival could hear the pitying tones of the housekeeper once more as she ended the recital. "Ah! me Leddy, an' Oi'm sorry for ye's that's niver hear'n tell o' the lolkes ov this therible thing, that coomes to all ov'em that's born under the curse. Thim faces what's turned away from ye, ma'am, is ov thim as has bin banished from the house. They hev to bear it, me Leddy, for there's not ony thing to sthand forninst, an' many's the prayer for marcy an' forgiveness oz has coom from broken hearts within thase walls, an' niver been listened to, mayther."

Now, with the flood of her daughter's all came back so painfully and vividly, that to her supersensitive soul it seemed that the trio of reversed faces on the wall of the gallery gazed down in pitying sorrow on the little form so dear to her mother's heart.

And Sir Rupert walked the corridors silent and glum, little thinking that the delicate flower of a wife knew of the trouble entailed by the birth of the daughter. His only comfort lay in the thought that she was ignorant of it all as he paced up and down in a aimless march. But the bitterness of the wormwood he had hoped to keep from her cup had been put to her lips through his reticence in the rudest and most thoughtless manner.

The season of gloom ushered in by Miriam's advent gradually became dispelled, and the sunlight of happy content shone from Lady Percival's sweet eyes and illumined the visage of Sir Rupert as the child grew, beautiful, bright, and above all else, affectionate.

It was then that hope sprang up in the bosom of the mother.

She would watch as the child grew; watch and palliate any dislikes, smooth down any differences which might spring up between the two she loved.

She, with her great wealth of affection, would avert, or at least modify, any trouble threatening an estrangement.

To this hope Lady Percival clung as Miriam developed into beautiful childhood.

Sir Rupert seemed very fond of his bright little daughter, and spent many hours with her after she was old enough to prattle her childish witticisms to his paternal ear. He seemed to have forgotten the ancestral anathema, as he amused the child by the hour, driving or strolling about for her pleasure. Perhaps he was trying, in unconscious endeavor, to foil the evil influence hovering over the house, and with a father's love break its spell in this generation. Thus the fond mother argued, not dreaming that deep in the heart of her husband there lurked a terrible dread of the day when the happy days should have an ending, darker and more sorrowful than death. He was certain the evil days would fall, and he was right.

The clouds of fate were already in the horizon of the fair heavens, although the fair mother, trusting and ever hopeful, perceived not their baleful gathering.

And so it happened that one day arrived when the black cloud of vengeful darkness came between the sun and the dial, and all their lives were henceforth shadowed by the storm-cloud without a silver lining.

They were walking in the park, all three, in the lovely weather and Miriam, running on before her parents, was to all appearances the very embodiment of beauty and affection. Her bright curls flying in the soft sweet air, and her tiny red boots twinkling over the close-cut sward as she sported among the trees, delighted the eyes of the mother. She looked up with a word of affectionate admiration on her lips, only to see such a strange, yearning look on the face of her husband that she forgot her remark in the chill of apprehensive terror which seized her. Such an expression of deep emotion on the countenance of Sir Rupert could never be forgotten. Ah! what could it mean! Why should she, of all others, ask!

Her heart refused its usual bounding, and the trees seemed as if in a mist, while her husband's face she saw as one sees faces in a troubled dream.

Then she put her trembling hand on his arm and looked the wretched question she did not dare to put into words.

Sir Rupert started as if from a terrible dream, and looked down into the face of pale, frightened inquiry a moment, as if trying to read her thoughts. "She is older in heart than in years," he replied, slowly, with dread of concealed pain in his voice, as his troubled vision turned toward the child. "She is getting old enough to—hate me, and it will fall, how or when I know not, but of one thing I am certain, and that is the coming estrangement. I have felt a strange presentiment present with me for weeks, and—"

He stopped short, as if alarmed at having made this confession, and had not Lady Percival understood, through previous information, his words would have been a meaningless riddle. As it was, too well she knew to what he referred.

Miriam at this moment came rushing back to them, shouting in childish glee, and Sir Rupert caught her in his arms, kissed her fondly and then strode off across the park, leaving his wife and daughter to return to the hall without him.

How the coming evil gossed him no one ever knew, but the pain and haunting dread, visible on his white, drawn face, indexed a struggle against decree.

Miriam looked after her father in a bewildered manner, then turning to her mother asked, with a strange, impetuous air: "What ails my father?"

Oh! how the heart of Lady Percival went down in the depths of agonized sorrow at the question she dare not answer. She sank helplessly on the sward and drew the surprised child into her arms with a prayer such as she never yet had uttered.

And a curious inquisitiveness had taken possession of Miriam. Pointing after the retreating figure of her father, who had gone off to fight his battle with fate alone, and of whom she caught glimpses through the intervening oaks, she asked with more than usual imperativeness: "What does ail my father? I say, is he angry?"

Then Lady Percival took the two little impatient hands in her own, and said brokenly: "Miriam, dear, look up to me," and, the child obeying instantly, she continued:

"Father is not angry, my child; something troubles him very much, and mother is sorry for him—sorry for us all. Is not daughter feeling sorry for father, too?"

And then came the reply, quick and impetuous, while the beautiful eyes flashed with an uncertain light, and the pink, taper fingers withdrew from Lady Percival's detaining clasp.

"I am quite solly for *you*, mother, but not solly for my father—*not a bit*."

"Oh, why not, my darling?" the stricken mother made moan, as she burst into tears.

"'Cause I do not love him velly well."

Miriam replied in a tone of apology. She put her arms around her mother's neck, and kissed her tear-wet cheek fondly. "But I love you velly much," she supplemented, while her sweet childish voice trembled with tearful emotion.

Lady Percival took her daughter's hand, then, without further words, led her back to the stately roof-tree which one day refused even sheltering care. The agony of soul Lady Percival endured in that hour had broken her heart. She was conscious of it as she leaned against the balustrade for support before going to her rooms.

"Mother so velly tired!" Miriam said, as the twain entered the apartments, and forthwith she began arranging the cushions of Lady Percival's chair. It seemed that the child wanted to do something to

SHE PUT HER ARMS AROUND HER MOTHER'S NECK.

alleviate the sorrow she felt had fallen, somewhere and somehow, on the idolized mother.

The nurse came for her charge, but for the first time the child stoutly refused to leave the room.

"Leave her to me awhile, Hewitt," the white-faced mother interposed, and the nurse left them together alone, wondering much what troubled Lady Percival as she closed the door softly and went back to the nursery.

Having arranged the cushions to her satisfaction, Miriam went over to the window whose narrow panes gleamed in the afternoon sun, and stood gazing far away over the environs of her palatial home, awed into silence by something she could not understand.

How the mellow light fell through the tall lissome elms, and glowed in its sifting rays through panes, falling at last on the long sunny curls, and forming a halo of glory around "the eldest child—a daughter," as she stood puzzling her inexperienced heart over the dark title-page of her life.

Lady Percival watched her with a sense of utter helplessness. The child's sentence of an hour ago fell like a verdict of life sentence, dooming them all to woe: "'Cause I do not love him velly well."

The legend of Heatherleigh Hall was beginning to unfold its menacing power, and the tide of doom had begun to set toward shores of estrangement, heartache and tears!

Lady Percival gazed long on the heiress of the proud and aristocratic manorial possessions in dumb anguish. But her heart was making moan against a dreary barren shore, and the burden of its language was: "Oh! Miriam, my own lovely child, why must it be; why, oh! why?"

And an unseen influence made answer: "The eldest child, if it be a daughter."

Sir Rupert never referred to the scene in the park, and, to all appearances, had forgotten the unpleasant occurrence. But there was a change in him that rendered him at times uncompanionable and reticent.

The servants noticed the change and speculated accordingly. John, the coachman, remarked to his fellows that "the dreary days were a-settlin' him, and that hafter 'while hit would be war to the 'ilt between the master and the young mistress."

But long to be remembered was the day of the first real disagreement between father and daughter.

Miriam had rushed into her mother's apartments and had thrown herself into Lady Percival's arms, crying and trembling in a very much excited manner. Upon being interrogated in reference to her unusual behavior she replied, amid sobs of painful excitement, while she clung to Lady Percival's gown: "I do not love him one bit, now, and he doesn't love me, either; and I do not care."

Clarkson, who was passing her mistress' rooms on duties intent, heard and saw Miriam in her paroxysm of grief and anger. "Oh, Oi've known it iver so long that it wud coom to this disliration ov war. Och honel an' that's the ginuine Parcival timper," muttered she to herself. And the old housekeeper communicated the affair to the cook with a doleful shake of the head that set the bread white ruffles on the cap she wore to trembling over her whitened locks.

Subsequently Sir Rupert had come into his wife's apartment in search of his daughter, yet, after all, dreading to meet her. Finding her sobbing on her mother's knee, he gave her such a strange look of deep, angry sorrow as perhaps few see in a lifetime, and said, in a voice as strange as his look: "I have tried, God is my witness, to love the child and break the power of the decree which will estrange us, and I find it is useless. I can not love my child!"

He covered his face with his trembling hands, as if entirely overcome by the baleful interest of his own words, and leaned against the door-way screen. "I can not," he moaned, "avert mightier decrees than my own!"

Miriam seemed to understand, in part, her father's great grief, for she shuddered visibly and ceased her violent weeping, hid her face in Lady Percival's gown and remained silent.

Seeing this demonstration of fear, Sir Rupert went over and, bending down, with white lips pressed the last kiss he ever bestowed on his child on her sunny ringlets, while the tears rolled down the face of heart-broken Lady Percival.

CHAPTER VII.

And after the scene closing our last chapter Lady Percival never saw another happy day. From that wretched day on, until her decease, her existence was but a living death.

Not many months after the death of Lady Percival there fell a shadow over another home a beautiful country seat near Heatherleigh. This one was the lovely home of a former friend of the Percivals. But it was not the shadow of the silent reaper's sickle. No, it happened in this case to be that of the grim-visaged horror of polite society—poverty, and the stricken was the pleasant residence of Beechwood Terrace, and the home of the Fairfaxes.

With one fell swoop, uncompromising failure had swept the luxurious ease and careless contentment from the elegant stone mansion, and its aristocratic inmates found themselves suddenly stranded on the ruins of its former prosperity.

So when the mother of invention sat down in the handsomely-furnished apartments to devise different arrangements from those of simply enjoying life, she sent a thrill of horror through the veins of their dwellers.

To be thus thrust out of their rank in life and society, and reckoned with the plebeians, was a trying ordeal. The common lot of the financially unfortunate cast a disheartening influence across their day. The social circles began to forget them, and no member of the proud, refined family felt the neglect more keenly than the eldest son, Arthur, who had, hitherto, many warm friends within the radius of the *bon ton* of Hastings.

To be thus ignored, many a less susceptible heart than his had found a bitter fortune; then marvel not when Arthur grew morbid over his changed life, and looked upon their circumstances as something savoring of a criminal offense.

Society snubbed, society talked and speculated, until, driven almost to despair, Arthur determined to retrieve the loss of property in part, at least, abroad. To this end he resolved to embark in a mining enterprise with an uncle in the coal mines, which promised unbounded success.

But paramount to all the grievances he endured in consequence of his unfortunate circumstances, there was a wretched dread of a possibility of more magnitude and importance to him.

In his palmy days he had been a welcome visitor at Heatherleigh, and had been a favorite of the house, with the exception of Sir Rupert.

He, however, had treated him kindly, although he could not lay claim to a title. This mark of favor young Fairfax did not accord to the real reason, but was pleased to consider it in the light of meritorious worth. Had he, for an instant, imagined that the master of Heatherleigh was only condescending to him, in consideration of the wealth and influence of his family, his visits to the hall would never have been made in the free and easy manner of an intimate friend of its occupants.

But Sir Rupert's kindly tolerance flattered him, and the sincerity of Lady Percival pleased him exceedingly; but, after all, it was really society of Miriam which had held him spellbound in those days.

Thrown into her charming company continually, his heart had gone out to her in a sacred attachment before he was hardly aware of it. But when Miriam, who at first had received him shyly and with reserve, had grown to welcome him with cordiality and heightened color, he awoke to the knowledge that he loved her passionately. And often, too, he had flattered himself she was not indifferent to him.

After this awakening it was only natural for him to indulge in dreaming of a happy day "to be," when the beautiful daughter of the Percivals would consent to unite her destiny with his.

Little did the young lover know of the sad days of reverse and keen sorrow the future held in store for Miriam as his wife.

But since Lady Percival's death he had intruded on the sorrow of the hall but little, for Sir Rupert had seemed so silent and grieved, and Miriam had not been visible.

And now, after his own reverses had fallen, would Sir Rupert ever be kind to him again? Knowing his eccentric ways, and of late years his strange reserve, he dreaded to risk a visit to the gloomy old gentleman since the failure of his father, and since by it he had fallen out of rank with the Percivals.

How the news of his family's changed circumstances had been received at the hall he had no way of finding out, and how it had affected the one sweet friend of his life on whose yea or nay hung his future happiness he knew not.

[To be Continued.]

KEEPING HIM BUSY.

How a Couple of Foxes Tired Out a Canine Persecutor.

In the spring of 1888 a pair of red foxes took up their home on a Dakota farm. They dug several holes on a knoll in a wheat-field, and soon after four "kits," or young foxes, arrived. Every day, while harrowing and sowing wheat in the field, says the farmer, I saw the two old foxes lying on the little mound in front of their home. The kits rolled about in the sun, played with the bushy tails of their parents and enjoyed themselves apparently as much as a group of kittens.

One morning a neighbor came to work in a field adjoining, bringing with him a dog, and the dog, with all the curiosity of his kind, soon began the investigation of both farms.

He was still a long distance from the fox-den when I heard a sharp, warning bark and saw the kits disappear. As I looked, the mother fox lay on the mound, her ears erect, her nose on the ground, all attention. The father of the family, with his big tail swinging in the wind, trotted toward the dog.

Can he intend to attack him? I wondered. I had never heard of such a thing, and the dog, though not a large one, was still larger than the fox. But Reynard knew his business better than I. He approached the intruder until the dog saw him, when both stopped for an instant, and then the dog gave chase. The fox, with a bark of defiance, turned and ran in a direction away from his home.

At first the dog seemed to gain rapidly upon the fox, but I watched them for nearly a mile before they disappeared in the prairie grass and concluded that the fox was able to keep out of the other's way.

In about an hour the dog returned from a fruitless chase, and for a time he contentedly followed his master. Then he began prowling around again.

All this time the mother fox had remained on the mound, a picture of quiet vigilance, but now, as the dog ventured near, she rose and trotted toward him, and the dog was soon chasing her over the prairie. Hardly had they disappeared when the male trotted back from some hiding-place and took the position vacated by his mate. The dog returned after a time, unsuccessful as before.

During the day he was again and again tempted to a chase, first by the male and then by the female, and, while the one kept him busy the other watched over the young, who did not show themselves after the first sight of the dog.

It is hard to say which we admired most—the bravery of the pair in challenging the dog to a race that would have proved fatal had he caught them, their ingenuity in taking turns so that each might be fresh when chased, their skill in leading him away from their young or their cleverness in throwing him off their track when far enough away.—Youth's Companion.

LOSING A VACUUM.

How Mike's Kindness Was Rewarded by an Ungrateful Creature.

The teacher of the Roseville High School was a young man with an ardent love of science, and the boys and girls had all caught something of his spirit. Twenty homes in Roseville gave evid

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, - - - FEB. 21, 1890.

MEETING OF THE DEMOCRATIC COUNTY COMMITTEE.

To the members of the Democratic County Committee.

GENTLEMEN:—There seems to be a prevailing opinion among Democrats, that a change should be made in our system of nominating candidates for office. It is urged that the present system has damaged the party in the county and that a like result has followed its adoption in all the other counties where it prevails. I have been repeatedly urged by prominent Democrats throughout the county, who have no other interest in the matter than the good of the party, to call the County Committee together, for the purpose of considering the propriety of retaining the present, or adopting the old delegate system. Therefore, I will ask what seems to be a popular demand, that the members of the Democratic County Committee, meet at the Armory Hall, in Ebensburg, on Monday the 24th day of February 1890, at 1 o'clock P. M. for the purpose of deliberating on this and other matters of interest to the party. I would further suggest that each member of the County Committee, consults his constituents on the subject, so that any action taken by the Committee would be endorsed by the party. JOSEPH A. GRAY,

Chairman of the Democratic Committee

Carrolltown, Pa., January 21, 1890.

A DEFICIENCY of $21,500,000 on the biggest pension appropriation ever made is a rather strong feature for the Administration's first year. It may be judged a little too strong by some of the people who pay the taxes.

THE gag rules proposed by the Republicans for the government of the House at Washington have been adopted. All sorts of legislation for raiding the public treasury is now possible, the minority having been rendered powerless.

IN the Senate, Friday, bills were passed for the relief of soldiers and sailors who served under assumed names while miners or otherwise, in the army and navy during the war of the rebellion. The bill provides that certificates of discharge should be issued to those soldiers and sailors who were honorably discharged.

IT is the intention of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, as soon as one of their new Pacific steamers is completed, which will be about November next, to carry the first Canadian excursion party around the world. It is estimated that the round trip will be made within 65 days. With a fast Atlantic service the trip could be made in 53 days.

THE sheriff of Fulton county has posted bills for the sale of the South Pennsylvania railroad, running from the city of Harrisburg through several counties to Port Perry, in Allegheny county, a distance of 200 miles, with all its corporate rights, including the piers in the Susquehanna. The sale will take place at McConnellsburg, on Saturday, the 15th day of March, at 1 o'clock P. M.

AT a meeting of the World's Fair Committee of the House at Washington on Monday, the resolutions of Messrs. Chandler and Hitt, providing for discussion and balloting on a site for the World's Fair were taken up, and after considerable discussion it was decided that the chairman should report to the House a substitute resolution providing for discussion on the two bills on Thursday and Friday and balloting on the selection of a site on Monday next.

FATHER JOHN WARD, chaplain of Mercy Hospital, at Pittsburg, Tuesday administered the last rites of the Catholic Church to Bishop O'Connor of Denver, Colorado, who is dying at the Hospital. Bishop O'Connor some months ago went to Florida in the hope that the southern climate would benefit his health but finding that there was no improvement in his condition started for home. On his arrival at Pittsburg last week, he was taken to Mercy Hospital where the physicians after a consultation decided that his case was hopeless.

STATISTICS gathered for the tables of the forthcoming census show that in the last 70 years we have received an immigrant population of 15,000,000. Of this number Great Britain sent 6,000,000, Ireland alone contributing 3,500,000. Germany sent 4,500,000. Norway and Sweden 800,000, France 350,000. In smaller numbers every country in the world is represented here. 'Tis an unprecedented showing. Why should we not be cosmopolitan? This mixture of all bloods, too, ought to make the dominant race of the world.

IT appears to be reasonably certain, says the Omaha *Democrat*, that the Republicans in Congress will find a way in which to exhaust the Treasury surplus. Evarts has presented a bill in the Senate for the publication of a roster of the Grand Army of the Republic, to contain 400,000 names, and the bill appropriates $50,000 for the work. It is about the biggest steal ever proposed in Congress for the work to be rendered. It proposes to pay the enterprising publishers at the rate of $1 for every eight names! A fair renumeration would be about six cents. For ability to squander the surplus, the Republicans are entitled to a chromo.

THE Senate Committee on Agriculture on Tuesday reported a substitute for the bill introduced by Senator Faulkner, for the establishment of a pure food division in the department of agriculture: The bill as amended provides that the Secretary of Agriculture shall organize in the department, a division to be known as the food division, and shall appoint a chief at a salary of $3000 a year to procure and analyze samples of food and drugs sold in any State other than where it is manufactured. All manufacturers of goods intended for shipment from one State to another shall make application for a license to the Secretary of agriculture, certifying that the articles are not deleterous. It was recommitted to the committee on agriculture.

A WASHINGTON dispatch on Monday says the fight between Senator Quay and Congressman Dalzell will be renewed as soon as the Senator returns from Florida. There will not only be a row between these two men, but the entire political organization of western Pennsylvania will be involved, and peace will not be declared until one or the other faction is beaten. Just before Quay went to Florida President Harrison settled the contest over patronage between Quay and Dalzell in a rather novel manner. Each of these gentlemen had a candidate for Census Supervisor of the Pittsburg district. The President wanted to appoint Dalzell's man, principally because he was the choice of Census Superintendent Porter. He did not dare to displease Senator Quay, however. So he hit upon the unique plan of making two districts out of one and appointing both candidates. The President then congratulated himself on having escaped from this dilemma. He is not free, however, by any means. Senator Quay has telegraphed to the Senate to have the nomination of George Oliver, Dalzell's census supervisor, hung up, intimating that he would oppose confirmation on his return. Mr. Dalzell was very angry when he learned of this, but does not think it wise to talk for publication at present.

One of the Pennsylvania Congressmen said that this last step of Quay's meant war to the knife between the Quay and anti-Quay factions of the Republican party in Allegheny county. It is Quay against the field, and the fight will be fought to a finish. The Chris Magee wing of the party will join Mr. Dalzell and his followers, and an attempt will be made to down Quay before next year's election. George Oliver whose appointment Quay now intends to oppose, is a brother of Harry Oliver, the influential and wealthy Republican who has helped carry many a fight for Quay. His influence will, of course, be opposed to the Senator now, and the war will be formally begun during the next fortnight.

ONE of these days a defeated Republican party, says the Chicago *Herald*, will be asking itself whether it paid to steal Montana; whether it was good policy to overthrow the parliamentary practice of English-speaking people for a thousand years for the purpose of getting a little tighter grip upon things in the Fifty first Congress; whether it availed anything to set up Tom Reed as a dictator among a few people who are patient under impertinent aggravation, but who very well know the time and the place to rebuke upstarts and violent demagogues; whether there was anything lasting in the advantage gained by unseating a score or more of honestly elected Democratic Congressmen; whether there is real profit in the encouragement of fellows like Foraker, who must sooner or later expose themselves as this wretch has done, and whether the crimes of a Dudley and a Quay can be hidden by the ostentatious piety of a man like Wanamaker. One of these days all these things will come home to the Republicans of this country. They are electioneering for destruction.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Northwestern Railroader* advances some odd theories to account for the frequency and severity of storms of modern times. He gives the figures to prove that there are now over 30,000 locomotives in actual use in the United State, besides the hundreds of thousands of stationary engines of all kinds and sizes. From a round 30,000 locomotives he estimates as much as 53,000,000,000 cubic yards of vapor each week, over 7,000,000,000 cubic yards a day, to be returned as rain—"quite enough," he says, "to produce a good rainstorm every twenty-four hours." He estimates other engines of all kinds at 180,000, probably a very low estimate, and concludes that these, with the locomotives, send about 470,000,000,000 yards of vapor into the air every seven days. "Is it not enough," he asks, "to give us floods of terror?" Hundreds of gas wells sending their poison into the atmosphere; millions of cesspoles and sewers. Would it be any wonder if some blighting plague should lay waste the land?"

THE Senate on Tuesday ratified the British extradition treaty. The text of the treaty was recently published. Extraditions is not to be had for political offense, nor shall any person surrendered by either party be tried for any other offense than the one for which he was extradited. The treaty does not apply to any crimes committed before its ratification. During the discussion of the measure, which lasted about two hours, several efforts were made to amend it in important particulars, but they were not successful. The principal points of attack were the sections including manslaughter and obtaining goods or money under false pretenses. The amendments that were made are said to be of an unimportant character, and it is expected that they will be accepted by the British representative without serious objection.

GEO. WILCOX, who recently died in West Franklin, this State, lived and died in the Democratic faith. His will, just filed in the Bradford county court, is a somewhat remarkable document. He left a stated sum to his grandsons, on condition that they support the Democratic ticket, state and national. His grand-daughters, in order to inherit any of the old man's wealth, must either marry Democrats or remain single. Should any one fail to comply with the will their amount shall be divided among those who remain faithful. In the event of all failing to obey the request, then their interest in the estate is forfeited, and the entire sum goes to the Democratic National Committee.

GOVERNOR BEAVER has appointed D. J. Waller, jr., of Bloomsburg, Columbia county superintendent of public instruction to succeed the late Dr. Higbee. Mr. Waller is president of the Bloomsburg Normal School, and has for years been prominently and actively engaged in educational matters. There were about twenty aspirants for the position.

The Montana Election.

The case of the two Republicans who claim to be the legally elected Senators from Montana is based entirely upon alleged frauds in Silver Bow county. By throwing out all the Democratic votes in one precinct they were able to make a pretext of having carried the Legislature. The Democrats all along have furnished ample proof that no fraud was committed there, and that any attempt to go behind the returns would be the most barefaced robbery. But the Republican editors, who have grown so accustomed to defending fraud that they rather delight in it, have kept on shouting "Wolf!" until they are black in the face.

An investigation has just been finished which ought to settle all doubt as to the honesty of the election in Silver Bow county. It seems that the result of the Shrievalty contest hinged on the disputed precinct, just as the Legislature did. Accordingly the whole circumstances of the election have been gone into carefully, and both Republicans and Democrats have produced all the evidence at their disposal. The result has been a complete vindication of the Democrats. It was shown that the counting of ballots was practically done openly and in the presence of numerous witnesses. The local Republican manager was not there, it is true, because he had been put to bed drunk.

The Republican claim of fraud was based chiefly on the fact that there were only four votes cast in the precinct for their candidates. At the investigation, they could only produce three men who would swear that they had voted their ticket. Not one of the Republican accusations was upheld, and the facts were shown to be just as the Democrats claimed.

The hearing of the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections was in progress on the Montana case on Saturday at the very time this testimony was being brought out in the New State. In the course of his argument, Colonel Paine, the counsel for the Republican claimants, admitted that their right to their seats depended upon the Silver Bow case. If the votes in that precinct were to be counted, Messrs. Maginnis and Clark were the duly elected Senators from Montana. Colonel Paine would not have been so hasty, perhaps, in making that admission if he could have anticipated the result of the investigation.

Both the disputes in West Virginia and Montana have ended disastrously for the Republicans, so far. Mr. Goff's unwise claim that he had been elected Governor of the former State simply served to bring out the fact that his party had been guilty of the grossest frauds and to tarnish his own reputation. And now the facts disclosed in Montana will prove an equal boomerang. They show clearly that the Republican cry of fraud was simply intended to divert public attention while they stole the State.—*N. Y. Star.*

Harrison not Excepted.

The fact that young Mr. Douglas, son of the eminent statesman, Stephen A. Douglas, made an interesting and forcefully instructive speech at the Lincoln banquet this week, attracted attention not only by reason of its own excellencies, but because it affords a rare exception to the rule which says that the sons of great men rarely do great work. We don't have to dig into ancient history of foreign countries to detect this universal law in active operation. We find it in our own time. George Washington left no son. It is extremely fortunate for the father of his country that his paternity was confined to the Nation, extending no further. With the single exception of John Adams, the race of great men at that time left no marked significantly important successors. Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, Burr, Arnold, where are their children of importance. Coming later down, and not so very much later either, we strike Franklin and the race of scientific men who with him peopled the intellectual earth with ideas, but not with children. Look at the Bentons, the Clays, the Websters, the Calhouns, where are their offspring of account? This is in all lines. It is not to be found in the upper realms of statesmanship and politics alone. It is as true in journalism, in literature of whatever name, in trade, in commerce, in finance, in every realm of art, in poetry, in science, and the exceptions are just frequent enough to call attention to the well proved rule.—*N. Y. Press.*

A Meteor Burst at Sea.

The Allan Line steamship Scandinavian, which plies between Philadelphia and Glasgow, made a narrow escape from total destruction on her last voyage from Philadelphia owing to the explosion of a meteor on the decks of the vessel on the night of January 22 last. She was in latitude 41.46, longitude 65.06. At the time of the occurrence the sea was running high and the wind blowing furiously. Chief Officer Miller, who was on watch at the time, says that a sudden gale sprung up from the northwest, accompanied by a dense snow storm, with occasional squalls of hail and rain. The night was exceedingly dark. In a twinkling a ball of fire decended from the heavens with a hissing sound and exploded on the decks between the main and mizzen masts. Sparks were scattered all over the ship hundreds of pieces of metal flew in every direction. Holes were burned in the decks, and the wildest consternation prevailed among the cattle that were being carried on deck. Several of the crew were burned, and it was only through the persistent efforts of the officers that order was maintained. The vessel's head was kept before the howling gale with the greatest difficulty.

The Hydrographic Office at Washington and the Meteorological Offices throughout Europe look upon the affair as one of the most interesting and wonderful phenomena yet reported by seafaring men.

Protecting the Farmers.

The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* tells the Western farmers that the duties on all important agricultural products are so high as to be practically prohibitory. These duties are not merely prohibitory; they are futile and absurd. With agricultural products absolutely free of duty, their price could not be affected in the slightest degree in a country which is a large exporter of these articles. But duties are imposed on wheat, rye, corn, and other products of the farm, to amuse American farmers with the belief that they are protected while they are undergoing the process of tariff extortion.

The way to protect the farmers is to widen the area of commercial freedom, so that they may have wider markets for their surplus products and obtain the commodities they consume at fair prices. So long as the existing system shall endure the farmers of this country will be obliged to sell their products under conditions of free trade, and to buy what they consume at prices manipulated by tariff sheltered combinations, trusts and monopolies.

Why Continue.

The use of irritating powders, snuffs or liquids Ely's Cream Balm, pleasant of application and a sure cure for catarrh and cold in head, can be had for 50c. It is easily applied into the nostrils, is safe and pleasant, and is curing the most obstinate cases. It gives relief at once.

Reformers who Ought to Reform.

In certain portions of the West there has been a curious and dangerous development of lawlessness among that portion of the community that considers itself the most respectable and might reasonably be expected to be the most law-abiding. It is founded on the belief that the end justifies the means, no matter what they are. Like the ancient mariner whom Bosina Vokes made famous, and who married a dozen wives in his tours around the world, "it doesn't matter what you do, if your heart is only true to Poll."

The Prohibitionists, who look upon the rest of the world as unworthy of regard, are the chief offenders in this respect. In Iowa they have destroyed property in defiance of the law, invaded the privacy of homes and walked roughshod over the personal rights of people, until there has been a revulsion of feeling, and their unjust and cruel liquor laws will probably be repealed. It is in Missouri now that their chief activity is displayed, and in comparison with the scenes enacted in some of the older cities of that State, the worst mining town on the frontier is peaceable and law-abiding.

In Lathrop, the women went through the town in a band. They had pledged themselves to exterminate the liquor traffic, and they wrecked saloons and and drug stores, throwing the liquor into the streets and destroying property generally. They even talked of invading private houses, but that idea was given up. One woman told her followers that she knew a house where they kept liquor all the time, and advised that it be raided. They did not do so, because of the intimation that if they did they would be met with a double-barreled shot gun.

The result of the outbreak will be watched with interest. The prosecuting attorney has signified his intention of doing his duty and having the women responsible for the outbreak arrested. The law-abiding Prohibitionists have threatened in return to kill the first man who serves a warrant on any of their wives and daughters. It would seem that these gentlemen might profitably reform their own families before they undertake to reform the rest of the world.—*N. Y. Star.*

Another Ballot-Box Deal.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 17.—The feather stone-Cate contest case may develop some interesting debate. Mr. Cate, the Democratic sitting member, has recently come into possession of some information, with the necessary proof, which may, perhaps, create some diversion in his favor. Among the many things filed with the election committee as evidence by Mr. Featherstone, the contestants, in support of his case, is a ballot-box accompanied by a statement to the effect that it was used in the election which resulted, according to the Governor of Arkansas, in the choice of Mr. Cate. The box is one of the "funny" kind. Over the slot in the top through which the ballots are inserted, can be fitted, at will, a cover, by means of which the ballots are diverted in their downward course and are carefully deposited on the outside of the box. Mr. Featherstone alleges that this is the reason Mr. Cate secured on the face of the returns more votes than he did.

Now Mr. Cate comes forward with the statement that not only were such boxes not used in the election in his district, but that this particular box was, for several days preceding the election, reposing quietly on one of the shelves in the rooms of the Republican national league in this city; that there are marks on the box which prove its identity, and that he can prove that it was taken straight from the headquarters of the league to the room of the House Committee on elections. This statement he proposes to have made on the floor of the House, and it may prove very useful to his case.

An Expensive Entertainment.

The most notable entertainment, without exception, ever given at the executive mansion where refreshments were served, was that to the diplomatic corps in February, 1881, at the close of the Hayes administration. There had passed before the President and Mrs. Hayes 7000 persons by actual count. Of this number 4500 partook of the lavish refreshments served. There were two large wine barrels of terrapin prepared and served. Over 1500 loaves of bread and 120 hams were made into sandwiches. There were nearly 1000 quarts of cream furnished. Nearly 400 chickens were used in salads. Over 150 gallons of coffee and great tanks of lemonade were consumed. There were cakes and confections without stint.

The steward of the household, W. T. Crump, who managed this enormous gastronomic campaign, had a small army of men and women in the kitchen. A supply of 2500 clean plates was kept constantly on hand and required 10 dishwashers. There were seven cooks in the kitchen and 50 waiters employed in serving the guests. The actual cost of this single entertainment was $6000—although no wines were served—which was more than has ever been expended by any President for State dinners during a whole administration. The jam was unparalleled, owing to Senators and others abusing the executive hospitality by bringing as many as 10 ladies on the card destined only to include the ladies of their families.—*Washington Star.*

An American Bismarck.

The Albany *Evening Journal*, a Republican paper of great authority, speaks admiringly of Mr. Speaker Reed as "the Bismarck of American politics." Mr. Reed may or may not deserve this title, but its unquestionably the Bismarck idea of politics that he represents. It is well that this should be recognized. The amazing thing is that there are Americans who recognize it and yet can approve it.

The concentration of arbitrary power in the individual official, whether by personal assumption or with the consent of the legislative body, is essentially Bismarckian. Not less so is the idea that those who happen to possess temporary power are at liberty to use it without restraint and in disregard of the checks and limitations which it is the object of free government to secure. Thoroughly Bismarckian, also, is the policy which looks to the centralization of power, the subordination of local government and the control of popular elections by the central authority. It is in support of this policy that Mr. Speaker Reed has assumed that extraordinary attitude which has gained for him the title of the Bismarck of American politics, but the policy is not of his invention.

Americans have not been accustomed hitherto to regard Bismark as a model in politics. His methods are the opposite of those that have been considered American. It is odd that we should be adopting Bismarckism about the time that Germany is growing out of it.—*Phila. Times.*

A Scrap of Paper Saves Her Life.

It was just an ordinary scrap of wrapping paper, but it saved her life. She was in the last stages of consumption, told by physicians that she was incurable and could not live only a short time; she weighed less than seventy pounds. On a piece of wrapping paper she read of Dr. King's New Discovery, and got a sample bottle, it helped her, she bought a large bottle, it helped her more, bought another and grew better fast, continued its use and is now strong, healthy, rosy, plump, weighing 140 pounds. For fuller particulars send stamp to W. H. Cole, druggist, Fort Smith. Trial bottles of this wonderful Discovery free at E. James', Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer's, Loretto.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—An English Railway Company has set apart a special fund from which to reward acts of bravery on the part of its employes.

—His horse being sick a Springfield (Bucks County) farmer pressed his wife and hired boy into doing tread mill duty, and threshed a lot of wheat.

—Daniel Lee, aged 76, of Ligonier township, Westmoreland county, while felling a large tree, on Friday, was crushed to death by being struck by one of the large limbs as the tree fell.

—Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. R. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Ease at once, no operation or delay from business, attested by thousands of cures after others fail.

—G. W. Irwin, aged 26 years, and unmarried, was run over by an engine at Wayne station, Clarion county, on Tuesday morning and instantly killed. He was employed as a brakeman on the P. & E. Railroad.

—We have a speedy and positive Cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth, and Headache, in Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. A Nasal Injector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and sweet breath.

—John C. Zuber, of Gilbertsville, near Pottstown, disappeared from his home last week and was traced as far as Allentown, where he boarded a west bound train. Financial embarrassment is alleged to be the cause of his leaving.

—In the case of the Commissioners of Crawford county against R. B. Brown, editor of the Meadville *Messenger*, and M. M. Myler, for malicious libel, the jury brought in a verdict Tuesday of "not guilty," and the county to pay the costs.

—A bear went floating down the Sacramento River on an immense cottonwood tree. As it was about to pass under the railroad bridge at Colusa by a rapid movement it caught a beam, pulled itself upon the railway and trotted into Butte county.

—Mollie Corwin, of Shelbyville, Ind., was married on Monday for the ninth time. This is the woman over whom husbands No. 6 and 8 fought in front of her house a few weeks ago, as recorded in the newspapers at the time. No. 6 the same night eloped with another woman.

—Frank Offitt and Jerry Dee, two employes in the South Omaha stock-yards, have been arrested, charged with the murder of an old farmer and his wife. The bodies of the murdered couple have been found. Their stock had been driven away. It is said the prisoners sold the cattle to a South Omaha commission house.

—Theodore Fuhr, a wealthy farmer near Canton, Ohio, recently advertised in a local paper for a wife. Miss Ella Wing, of Yellow Creek, answered the advertisement, and on Thursday, of last week, the parties went to Canton and were married, after a courtship of less than a week. Until Thursday neither of the parties had seen each other.

—After long and tedious work the Rosenzi Oil & Natural Gas Company has struck gas at Fitzwatertown, Montgomery county, twelve miles from Philadelphia, Pa. The inhabitants of the little hamlet are overwhelmed with excitement. The gas was struck at a depth of four hundred feet. While the flow is not violent, it is encouraging to the company.

—Curtis Wells, the head man at Clifford shaft, Forest City, Luzerne county, met a fearful death on Monday morning by falling down the shaft, a distance of three hundred feet. The man had got on the carriage to shift a loaded car, and while doing so the engineer suddenly started up without warning. The movement tossed Wells to one side, and before he could recover, he was dashed into the shaft. His body when picked up was crushed into a shapeless mass.

—Henri Tourville, the hero of a cause celebre, has just died at Gratz, in the Karlan prison. He murdered his wife by pitching her down a precipice in the Ortler Mountains. He pretended that affair was an accident, was allowed to return to England, of which country he was a naturalized citizen. Subsequently damaging evidence was discovered against him, after a great legal contest he was finally surrendered to Austrian authorites in 1876, tried and sentenced to imprisonment for life.

—The Louisiana Lottery Company is making a desperate effort to retain its corporate life. It has failed to secure a charter from North Dakota, and its next move, it is said, will be an enormous bribe to the Louisiana legislature for a renewal of its present charter, which will expire two years hence. Its proposition will be to pay the entire State debt, amounting from $10,600,000 to $12,000,000. The lottery is earning $250,000 a month, or $4,700,000 per annum, net. Many prominent Louisianians fear that the bribe may be accepted.

—A fourteen-year-old girl named Kate Deagler, was terribly injured on Monday morning at the stocking factory of Lontenbacker & Co., at Manheim, Lancaster county. While crawling under a bench to adjust a belt, her hair which was hanging down, was caught in the belting and she was drawn to the shafting. He scalp was torn completely from her head which presented a horrible appearance. One arm was broken and one ear was completely torn off, and the girl was also horribly cut and bruised about the head and face and her internal injuries are very serious.

—The steamship Zealandia reports that the steamship Guthrie, from Foo Chow, which arrived at Sydney, N. S. W., on January 15th, confirmed the report of the loss of the steamship Dunburg, with 400 passengers. The Dunburg was a vessel of 1,097 tons and had for some years been employed in the China trade. The Guthrie brought further particulars of the loss of the ship Nyighau. It is feared that the boat which left the wreck in charge of the chief officer is lost. There were seven of the ship's crew in the boat, and a steamship sent in search has returned without them.

—The greatest excitement prevails at Salem, Ill., over the robbery of the Salem National Bank. The cracksmen got in the neighborhood of $25,000 in cash and securities. The vault of the bank in which the safe is located was thought to be secure, but looks as though the robbers found little trouble in breaking into it. The safe proper was "cracked" in the old fashioned way—by the drilling of holes and the use of gunpowder and fuse. The safe was badly wrecked. The money taken was mostly bills. The robbers must have been in a great hurry, as they left a quantity of gold pieces scattered on the floor of the vault and overlooked at least $10,000 in currency and securities.

—A dastardly outrage and robbery was committed Saturday night at the home of John Snyder, an aged bachelor, in East Nantmeal, below Reading, Pa. It was known that he had a large sum of money in his house. Three masked robbers gained entrance and before he knew it he was "hooded" in a bag and his head completely covered. When threatened with death he still refused to tell where his money was. The robbers then bound him hand and foot and proceeded to torture him with knives and hot plates, until he told them where $300 of his hard-earned savings had been hidden for years. The men counted over the gold and silver and leaving the old man more dead than alive the ruffians escaped. A neighbor discovered Snyder and unbound him.

—On Friday morning Mrs. William Leonard, of Grafton, West Virginia, left her home, taking her little five-year-old daughter with her, and went to the woods, where she hid, being under the impression that some one was trying to kill her. She was not found until Sunday morning. The girl's limbs were frozen to the knees and both the mother and child were nearly dead from cold.

Tax Paid.

There is probably few who realize the enormous amount of money annually paid into the U. S. Treasury on both Imported and Domestic liquors. Are you aware that Max Klein, of Allegheny, Pa., is a large contributor to that fund? Are you posted as to who does one of the largest business in the liquor line? If not, let us tell you that Max Klein leads them all—and why? Because he has long since succeeded in convincing the people that he furnishes value for value. He sells six year old Guckenheimer, Finch, Overholt, and Gibson at $1.00 per quart or six quarts for $5.00. His Silver Age that defies competition at $1.50 each quart bottle. Wines at 50 cents per quart and upward. He ships in neatly packed boxes. Send for his price list and complete catalogue and do not hesitate to send your order to Max Klein, 82 Federal St., Allegheny, Pa.

Eupepsy.

This is what you ought to have, in fact, you must have it, to fully enjoy life. Thousands are searching for it daily, and mourning because they find it not. Thousands upon thousands of dollars are spent annually by our people in the hope that they may attain this boon. And yet it may be had by all. We guarantee that Electric Bitters, if used according to directions and the use persisted in will bring you good digestion and oust the demon Dyspepsia and install instead Eupepsy. We recommend Electric Bitters for Dyspepsia and all diseases of the liver, stomach and kidneys. Sold at 50 cents and $1.00 per bottle by E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

B. & B.

NEW SPRING

Dress :: Fabrics.

The new arrivals are being opened up each day now, and they are voted on all sides "a lot of beauties."

100 pieces of double width Mixed Checks in browns, greys, and olive colorings; not ordinary every day-looking stuffs, but elegant and stylish in appearance.

The fact is these goods are exact copies of high-cost foreign goods. We bought the entire lot and will offer them at the low price of 35 cents.

Another lot of those double width (27 inch) Mixed Tricots at 15 cents.

A lot of 46 inch Colored All-Wool Serges at 50 cents. The best quality we ever saw for 50 cents, and worth every day 65 cents.

Regular line of new colors of elegant 46 inch Wool Henrietta Cloths at 75 cents. Plenty of stores sell this quality at $1.00.

Handsome new Spring Stripe Dress Goods, 42 inches wide, $1.00.

New Satines.
New Embroideries.
New Wool Suitings.
New India Silks.
New Ginghams.

In fact plenty af new goods and choicest styles in every department.

Because Goods are new or scarce is no excuse for charging an extra margin or profit on the sale of them. We do not handle our business on such principles. You can shop with us through the medium of our Mail Order Department as satisfactorily as in person. Have you tried it?

BOGGS & BUHL,

ALLEGHENY, PA.

FOSTER & QUINN,

SUCCESSORS TO GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN,

NO. 315 MAIN STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PENN'A.

Call attention to their large and varied assortment of Dress Goods, comprising black and colored Silks, a full line of black Cashmeres, Henriettas, Melrose, Drass d' Alma, Armmes and Nuns' Veilings, colored Cashmeres, Henriettas, Serges, Broad Cloths, Albatross, etc. Wash Dress Goods in all styles. Dress Buttons and Trimmings to match Dress Goods, Table Linen, Napkins, Towels and Toweling, Ladies', Misses' and Children's Underwear and Hosiery, Corsets in 25 different styles, Misses' Corsets and Waists, Kid Gloves and Silk Mitts, Table Covers and Lambrequins, Hamburgs Lace Flouncing, etc., etc.

GOODS DELIVERED TO R. R. DEPOT.

CARL RIVINIUS,

—PRACTICAL—

WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,

—AND DEALER IN—

Watches, Clocks,

—JEWELRY,—

Silverware, Musical Instruments

—AND—

Optical Goods.

Sole Agent

—FOR THE—

Celebrated Rockford WATCHES.

Columbia and Fredonia Watches. In Key and Stem Winders.

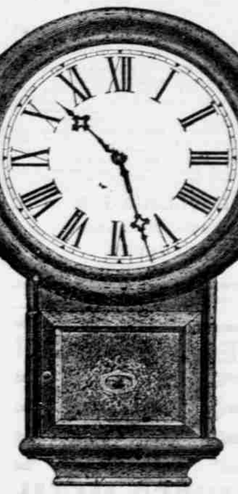
LARGE SELECTION OF ALL KIND of JEWELRY always on hand.

My line of Jewelry is unsurpassed. Come and see for yourself before purchasing elsewhere.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED

CARL RIVINIUS

Ebensburg, Nov. 11, 1885-tf.



Eckenrode & Hoppel,

Carrolltown, Penn'a.

Having just returned from the Eastern cities with a full, complete assortment of merchandise, consisting of Dry Goods, Notions, a large stock of Clothing, Overcoats and Gents' Furnishing Goods for Men, Boys and Children, a fine line of Ladies' and Children's Coats and Wraps, including a line of Plush goods, and Boots and Shoes, we claim to lead. Then we have Hardware, Queensware, Glassware, Oilcloth, Robes and Horse Blankets not to be excelled anywhere. We are prepared to meet the public wants at the very lowest prices. We will not be undersold and always guarantee satisfaction. Soliciting your patronage and thanking you for past favors we are Respectfully Yours,

ECKENRODE & HOPPEL,

CARROLLTOWN, PA.

SPRING CLOTHING

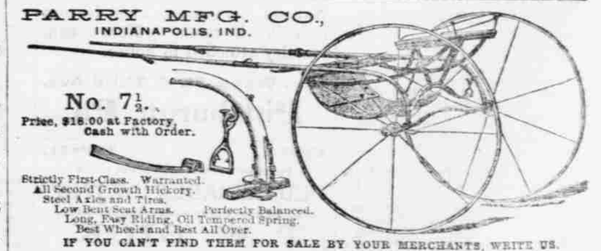
FOR MEN, YOUTH'S, BOYS AND CHILDREN.

A. C. YATES & CO.,

LEDGER BUILDING, SIXTH AND CHESTNUT, PHILADELPHIA.

PARRY MFG. CO.,

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.



No. 7½.

Price, $18.00 at Factory, Cash with Order.

Strictly First-Class. Warranted. All Second Growth Hickory. Steel Axles and Tires. Low Bent Seat Arms. Perfectly Balanced. Long, Easy Riding, Oil Tempered Spring. Best Wheels and Best All Over.

IF YOU CAN'T FIND THEM FOR SALE BY YOUR MERCHANTS, WRITE US.

FARM FOR SALE.

There will disposed of at private sale a farm known as the William Ivory farm situated in Clearfield township, one-half mile from Chest Springs, containing

76 ACRES 76

More or less, thirty acres of which are cleared, and well watered and the rest of the land is well timbered with Hemlock, Chestnut, Maple and Beach. For further particulars call on or address MRS. LINCOLN CONRAD. Chest Springs, Jan. 3, 1890 2mo.

HOTEL FOR RENT.—That well-known hotel stand, known as the Merchants Hotel, situated at Summit, Cambria county, Pa., with eight acres of ground, adjoining will be rented on liberal terms. The house contains thirty-four rooms, bar-room, store-room, ice house, good stable, and all necessary outbuildings. The house will be rented entire or in part. For particulars enquire of the subscriber JAMES A. GILLAN, Summit, Pa.

PILES. SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; moist at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form and protrude, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. Swayne's Ointment is sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price, 50 cts. a box. Address, DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, Pa. Address letters, DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, Pa.

ITCHING PILES.

SKIN DISEASES SWAYNE'S OINTMENT

ABSOLUTELY CURES.

The simple application of "Swayne's Ointment" without any internal medicine, will cure any case of Tetter, Salt Rheum, Ringworm, Piles, Itch, Sores, Pimples, Erysipelas, &c., no matter how obstinate or long standing. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail for 50 cts. 3 Boxes, $1.25. Address, DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, Pa. Ask your druggist for it.

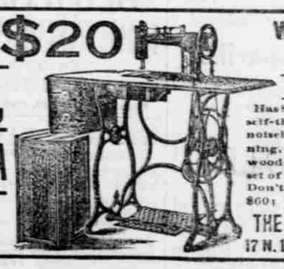
BEFORE YOU BUY A STEAM ENGINE OR BOILER

SEND FOR OUR CATALOGUE AND PRICES

ATLAS ENGINE WORKS, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

ONLY $20

HIGH ARM, PHILAD'A SINGER.



WARRANTED 5 YEARS.

15 DAYS TRIAL.

Has Self-setting Needle, self-threading shuttle, is noiseless and light-running, has the handsomest wood-work, and finest set of extra attachments. Don't pay agents $35 or $60; send for circular.

THE C. A. WOOD CO. 17 N. 10th St., Phila., Pa.

WINTER RESORTS

TEXAS AND MEXICO

Mild Climate, Summer Breezes, pure Air, Absolutely Rainless Region, Grand Scenery. LESS THAN 4 DAYS by St. Louis to the City of Mexico via

IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE.

Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars with only one change via Laredo, Eagle Pass or El Paso. Winter Tourist Tickets at very low rates for sale at all Principal Coupon Stations in U. S. and Canada with privilege of visiting the Famous Hot Springs of Arkansas.

H. C. TOWNSEND, G.P. & T. AGT, ST. LOUIS, MO.

THERE ARE MANY USES FOR SAPOLIO

To clean tombstones. To renew oil-cloth. To renovate paint. To brighten metals.
To polish knives. To scrub floors. To wash out sinks. To scour bath-tubs.
To clean dishes. To whiten marble. To remove rust. To scour kettles.

EVERYBODY USES IT.

Dentists to clean false teeth, Surgeons to polish their instruments, Confectioners to scour their pans, Mechanics to brighten their tools, Cooks to clean the kitchen sink, Painters to clean off surfaces.

Engineers to clean parts of machines, Ministers to renovate old chapels, Sextons to clean the tombstones, Hostlers on brasses and white horses, Artists to clean their palettes, Wheelman to clean bicycles.

Housemaids to scrub marble floors, Chemists to remove stains, Carvers to sharpen their knives, Shrewd ones to scour old silver, Soldiers to brighten their arms, Renovators to clean carpets.

EVERY ONE FINDS A NEW USE.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - FEB. 21, 1890.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—To-morrow (Saturday) is Washington's birthday, a legal holiday.

—Mr. A. J. Leib, of Nicktown, was in town on Wednesday.

—Emmet Dignam and wife, of Gallitzin, spent a few hours in town on Tuesday.

—Mr. James Hanlin, of Gallitzin township, spent a few hours it town on Wednesday.

—The communication of a "Jeffersonian Democrat" was received too late for publication.

—Mr. Richard Owens is lying seriously ill with pneumonia at his home in Cambria township.

—Mrs. Peter Schwab, of Chester Pa., is in Ebensburg, on a visit to her father Mr. Martin Ward.

—The robins and bluebirds have made their appearance in this locality which is an indication that spring is near at hand.

—Mr. John J. Evans (carpenter) died at his home in Cambria township on Monday last, after a short illness, from pneumonia, superinduced by the grip.

—During the past two weeks Mr. A. J. Rodgers, of this place, has trapped twelve skunks, one groundhog and killed a large snake in the woods adjacent town.

—W. R. Thompson, of this place, has accepted a situation in the draughting room of the Johnson Company at Moxham. He took his departure for that place on Thursday.

—McDonald, of Loretto, Pa., will sell from the present date until April 1st. close out a lot of notions, dress goods, ladies and childrens shoes, mens boots etc., at actual cost for spot cash or trade.

—Mr. James Boland, of Summit, a veteran subscriber to the FREEMAN, who began with volume I, No. 1, and who took its predecessor the old *Democrat and Sentinel* since the time of the Mexican war, dropped in to see us on Monday.

—The Philipsburg *Journal* truthfully says: Centre county is both in honor and dishonor. It has and is furnishing more candidates for the governorship and the gallows than any other county in the State.

—The ice on Shenkle's dam last week was about three to four inches thick—one inch ice and the remainder frozen snow. Several persons in town, despairing of getting any better ice had their ice houses filled with it.

—As McDonald, at Loretto, Pa., intends removing to Cressan, on or about April 1st., he offers his store room and dwelling attached for sale or rent. The hotel property adjoining known as the Mrs. J. B. Myers property, will also be for rent.

—Mr. James C. Sutton of Dean township, a veteran of late war, was made happy the other day by receiving the sum of $1,900 pension from the government. Mr. Sutton had waited long and patiently but was finally successful in having his claim allowed.

—An exchange remarks: One third of the fools of the country think they can beat the lawyer in expounding law, one half think they can beat the doctor healing the sick, two thirds of them think they can beat the minister preaching the Gospel, and all of them know they can beat the editor running a newspaper.

—Information wanted.—Any person knowing the address of a civil engineer by the name of Alexander, who located the old plank road from Ebensburg to Wilmore, and who also ran the route for a plank road from the Pittsburg pike to Johnstown will confer a great favor by sending the same to James M. Singer, Vinco, Cambria County, Pa.

—The Democrats of Johnstown, elected their Mayor, City Controller, City Treasurer and Assessors by majorities ranging from 1,244 down to 238. In the Select Council the Democrats will have a majority of two. In the Common Council the Democrats and Republicans are a tie. This is a good beginning and augurs well for the new city.

—We doubt very much whether the Democrats in the West ward, of Ebensburg, who on Tuesday last helped to whip their own friends feel as proud over the result as they supposed they would. They are like fish out of water, having jumped out of their own element expecting to feel at home with the Republicans they are disappointed to find that the Republicans have no further use for them.

—While at work at a saw mill on Wednesday, of last week, Robert E. Knox, of Addison township, Somerset county, fell under the saw. The saw fastened in the heel of his boot and drew him closer, cutting his leg off above the knee. He was then jerked back and had his arm taken off above the elbow. His mangled remains were picked up and carried to his home, where he died a few hours later.

—The entire water right of Laurel Run, better known as Bell's Gap Run, from Shaw Run to where it empties into the Juniata River, has been purchased by parties, doubtless in the interest of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. A number of tenement houses in close proximity to the run are included in the purchase. What the object of this valuable purchase is remains a mystery to outsiders.—*Altoona Tribune.*

—Burglars effected an entrance to the hotel of Charles N. Crouse, at South Fork, on last Sunday morning by prying open the front door of the bar-room. After getting in they went to work on the safe by drilling a hole in the door and blowing it off the hinges. The safe contained about three hundred dollars in money besides other valuables which they carried off. As yet there is no clue to the perpetrators of this bold robbery.

—Mr. William J. Tierney, of Cambria township, presents his card to the Democracy of Cambria county this week as a candidate for County Commissioner. Mr. Tierney is a well-known farmer, a life long Democrat and is an intelligent, honest, upright man. If successful in his aspirations to office his duties would be performed with a single eye to the people who elected him and with the best interests of the taxpayers always in view.

—William T. Yohn, who had charge of a gang of workmen who were working on the No. 6 bridge on the Pennsylvania Railroad across the Conemaugh, was instantly killed on last Saturday afternoon. A large stone was suspended from the crane when the "dogs" gave way and the stone in falling struck Yohn, who was standing under the side of the head and face, killing him instantly. His home was in Lancaster, Pa., where he leaves a young wife, having been married about three months ago.

—William Craig and Joseph Lynch, after getting outside of more liquor than they could carry with discretion, got into an altercation on the Railroad street, in Johnstown, on Monday night, which ended in Craig shooting Lynch in the thigh. The wounded man was taken to the hospital where the ball was found. Craig was from a 32-calibre revolver, which could not be found. Both were bricklayers, Craig claiming Cambria as his home, and Lynch hailing from Philadelphia. Craig was arrested and a hearing was committed and brought off on Tuesday.

—One Somerset county man has made over 2,000 pounds of maple sugar already this year.

—Mrs. Fred. Spiller is lying seriously ill with typhoid fever at her home in Shady Side. She is a daughter of Mr. Abel Lloyd, of this place.

—Evidence has just come to light showing that the shooting of Michael Bordner by a man named Stochick, while at target practice near Snow Shoe, in Centre county, on the 23d of January last, and which at that time was believed to be an accident, was a deliberate murder for the purpose of robbery, and that Stochick secured over a hundred dollars belonging to Bordner. Stochick disappeared and the authorities have not been able to locate him.

—The name of Henry J. Hopple, of Barr township, appears among the political announcements this week as a candidate for County Treasurer at the Democratic primary election. To the people of Northern Cambria, Mr. Hopple needs no introduction as he is known as an active, working Democrat, who at all seasons has been a contributor of his time and means to the success of the Democratic party. No man stands higher as a citizen than Mr. Hopple, and as a Democrat, he is worthy of all honors the party can bestow.

—Professor F. H. Austin will deliver a series of illustrated lectures at the Christian church, in this place, on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday evenings, of next week, on the practical use of phrenology. From the extended press notices of Professor Austin's lectures, taken from the newspapers wherever he has appeared, we have no doubt that the Professor understands the subject and that his lectures are instructive, entertaining and well worthy of public patronage. Professor Austin will also make examinations in detail and give written charts that will give you a complete mental portrait of yourself which in the case of young men will be invaluable in aiding them in the choice of suitable occupations to pursue for life.

—The township of Centre, in Berks county, has adopted an original and novel method of choosing supervisors, school directors, assessors, auditor, clerk and other offices. Neither of the two political parties will hold meetings for the purpose of nominating township tickets. Those who have any aspirations for any of the township officers are expected to go to the polling place a certain number of days before the election, deposit ten cents with the proprietor of the house and write his name on the list of candidates. The aggregate amount received as entrance fees will be expended for the printing of tickets, which will contain the names of all the candidates. This method has many of the features of the Australian system. It was tried in the township before, but some of the electors voted for every person on the ticket, and others became badly confused in marking their tickets. It is now believed that the system will work satisfactorily.

—J. Wilkinson & Son, marble and granite dealers of Ebensburg, Pa., wish to inform the public that they are prepared to fill all orders for cemetery work, in either marble or graulte, at figures that defy competition. The artistic excellence and superior workmanship of their designs are evidenced by the many specimens now on exhibition at their establishment and by the numberless designs which they have erected in the various cemeteries in this county and elsewhere. Every department of their business is in the hands of skillful and competent workmen, who are capable of executing any piece of work, from the plainest to the most elaborate, which together with the personal supervision that every job receives is a guarantee that perfect satisfaction will be given to the most exacting of patrons. They have ordered forty tons of marble which will arrive in March and April, and they will then have as fine a stock of the best marble that ever came to Western Pennsylvania. Persons wishing anything in their line would do well to give them a call before leaving their order with any other manufacturer, as you can depend upon getting a good job at a fair price.

Reade Township Election.

The battle for office is over and the victory is won, and to the following victors belong "the spoils:" Constable and Collector, C. E. Troxell; Supervisors, Geo. B. Richards and Geo. F. Miller; School Directors, Geo. W. Cree and Geo. L. Glasgow; Auditor, B. F. Byers; Judge of Election, Daniel Matthews; Inspectors, T. D. King and John Troxell; Clerk. E. W. Lowder.

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, February 12, 1890:

Alexander Napier and Hannah Diehl, Benscreek.

Francis P. Gillen and Laura E Parrish, Gallitzin.

Henry Suttmiller, Cambria, and Jettie Deveny, Morrellville.

Josiah Wingard and Mary Harshberger, Richland township.

J. D. Ford, Johnstown, and Ellie Shaffer, Wilmore.

Alonza B. Taylor, Grubbtown, and Clara Jane Miller, Shoneyereek township.

Charles J. Mayer and Kate Spilburt, Johnstown.

Emanuel Roddy and Mary Ann Hofecker, Upper Yoder township.

Abraham Bomgardner, Richland township, and Annie Blough, Conemaugh township.

Daniel H. Weyandt and Margaret M. Parks, Franklin.

Local Institute at Summerhill.

Program for teachers' local institute to be held at Summerhill, March 1, 1890, commencing at 9:30 A. M. Moral Training of Puplis, Miss Krise; Physiology, Miss Plotnar; How to Cultivate Imagination in Children, Miss Berghane; Language and Composition, Miss Dempsy; Seat Work for the little ones, Miss Kern; School punishment, Mr. Sherbine; How to secure prompt attendance, Miss Mears; Order in school, Mr. Kauffman; For what do we teach? Miss Knepper; Health in the school, J. W. Leech; Teach useful things, R. H. Biter; Should the parent and director visit the school room? Why? T. J. Itell; Our common schools, J. G. Carroll; Sand modeling, T. B. Allison. Teachers, Directors, and patrons are invited to attend our institute and aid in making it a success. We have had two interesting and instructive meetings in our district during this term. We presume this will be the last meeting during this term of school. Let us make it a success. Music will be furnished by the institute.

COMMITTEE.

DIED.

CARNEY.—Died at his home in Allegheny township, on Monday, February, 17th., 1890, Mr. John Carney, aged about 70 years.

O'HARA.—Died at his home in Munster township, on Tuesday, February, 18., 1890, Mr. Henry O'Hara, aged 90 years.

The deceased was one of the oldest citizens of Cambria county and had resided in Munster township, during the whole period of his long life. He was an honest, upright, citizen, who always walked in the path of duty and having fulfilled his mission here passed peacefully away in the hope of a blessed immortality. He leaves three children, one son Frank O' Hara of Munster and two daughters Mrs. Mary Farren and Mrs. A. J. Anderson, both of Altoona, to mourn the loss of an affectionate and kind father. May he rest in peace.

FOR SALE OR RENT.—The subscriber will sell at private sale his farm, one mile south of Ebensburg. If not sold before the first of March the farm will be for rent.

JAMES MYERS.

Communicated.

ALLEGHENY TWP., Feb. 14, 1890.

Editor of the Cambria Freeman:

DEAR SIR.—With regard to our methods of making nominations in this county I am surprised to see any intelligent Democrat advocating the retention of the system now in vogue. A glance at the history of the system is all that is necessary to convince any one that it should be promptly consigned to the grave of bad methods. The system originated in Crawford county, which was good always for a Democratic majority of at least 1,500. For a number of years that county has given a Republican majority of about 2,000. In Westmoreland, where we formerly had a majority of 5,000, we can no longer hold our ground, having, under this system, been repeatedly defeated within the recent past. The system has been tried in this county during the last ten years with disastrous results. In theory it looks all right, but it is fraught with inherent defects which are without remedy. In thickly populated places a full vote is polled, this result experience shows cannot be obtained in country places, hence a fair expression of the popular will is unattainable. The concentration of the votes in towns and cities gives designing men full sway in their attempts to frustrate the wishes of the rank and file of the party. But I really do not think argument necessary—a glance at our recent political history should be all that is necessary. What then is to be done? As our political leaders (or those who are most frequently asking political favors) prefer comfortable, safe and easy silence, I will suggest an increased delegate system. Let each election district send one delegate; each district polling one hundred Democratic votes to be entitled to two delegates, and for every additional fifty votes an additional delegate. Adopt this plan and it will be safe to predict that any convention that will ever assemble will contain a sufficient number of sensible and sagacious men to prevent the nomination of candidates whose election is known to be impossible. As to financial features I leave their discussion to others, and will close with the expression of my earnest hope that the present system will be discarded, as its perpetuation means the end of Democratic ascendency in this county within the very near future.

J. J. K.

ST. BONIFACE, PA., Feb. 17, 1890.

Editor Freeman.—As the Chairman of the Democratic County Committee has called that body to meet for the purpose of considering the propriety of changing our system of nominating candidates for office it behooves Democrats to give the subject careful and unbiased consideration. I notice the charge made that the movement looking to a change originates with the politicians of the county. Now as far as the matter comes within the scope of my observation this charge is unfounded in fact. In this, the northern part of the county, the party as with one voice demands a change. Although at the time of the adoption of the Crawford county system, and for some years after it had many warm and active friends, among them the writer, but now, after years of experience with it as a system it would be difficult to find a corporal's guard of intelligent Democrats who would ask for its longer continuance. The arguments against it are many and all eminently sufficient to condemn it when submitted to the intelligent consideration of the party.

The principle objection is, that under the system it is impossible to make a fair, just or satisfactory distribution of offices as to locality, nationality and other acknowledged claims. We all know what disastrous consequences to the party may follow the ignoring of the just claims of localities and nationalities to recognition in the party. We know that as a rule little interest is taken in our primary elections and the candidate who has the most time and money to spend in canvassing the county, no matter what his claims are, invariably comes out many lengths ahead. I could name districts in this county to-day, that to speak the truth, have been treated shamefully by the party in this connection, districts too on which we have to depend largely for our majorities at the general elections and that have never gone back on us in any of our emergencies, but their claims have been persistently ignored, and will continue to be, I am afraid under the present system. I have seen these districts put out their best citizens, men of undoubted qualifications, but they were not glib-tongued politicians, but plain, honest men, but what chance had they with the man of gab and gold? who with his friends was scouring over the whole county, night and day, soliciting and procuring votes by all the methods, good or bad, known to the politician. Is it any wonder, Mr. Editor, that these men and districts would feel sore as we say. Such a condition of things could not have existed under the delegate system. No doubt that old system was abused, no doubt politicians had more influence in some of the old conventions than they should have been permitted to exercise, but withal the party was harmonious. Care was taken generally that the ticket was so distributed as to satisfy and do justice to all. The old convention was a deliberative body generally composed of the best men in the party in each district. They looked over the whole field, considered the claims and qualifications of all; they no doubt consulted occasionally the recognized leaders of the party as to what was best to do, and no one will claim that there was anything wrong with this, as these leaders (or the ring) as they were sometimes called, were men who might be met any time of night or day, traversing the hemlock bottoms and narrow lanes throughout the county, spending their own money for the benefit of the party and the party's candidates and received precious little for it. Not one of these old war horses, these old ringsters, forsooth, but can demonstrate to you that all he received in return for his investments in politics was a very small percentage on capital stock. It was an unfortunate thing for them that abuse had a commercial value; if it had they would have been well paid.

Some years since we remember that great and good man, T. V. Powderly, was urged to become a candidate for Congress. With all his acknowledged merits and popularity he was forced to make the humiliating declaration that he was "too poor a man to run for Congress in his district." This acknowledgment coming from such a man struck the whole country as a sad commentary on our boasted republican institutions. It was even copied in the papers of monarchical countries as a proof that a government by the people must be a failure after all. Now how is it under the present system in this county? Just as Powderly, unless a man is rich he dare not be a candidate for office in this county. If you want proof of this ask candidates what it cost them.

Now what was the condition of things under the old system. One illustration is sufficient. Every one at all conversant with the old times will recall numerous cases similar as they occurred in every convention. The one I will mention was the case of a very plain farmer without any means outside of a small farm, who was persuaded by his neighbors to be a candidate for an important office. He was not known outside of four or five rural districts, but these were largely Democratic. He made no canvass outside of these districts. His neighbors though demanded his nomination, they claimed it and he was nominated and elected by the good old Democratic majority of 1,106. This man had not one friend among the politicians as the term is politically understood. They did not know him politically but nevertheless they advised his nomination in order to solidify the party and make it harmonious and I can say that every name placed upon the ticket that day in that convention was for the same purpose, to harmonize the party, and it was well, for that ticket triumphantly withstood one of the fiercest political assaults known in the history of the party. Now the expenditure of the time and money of this and other candidates on that ticket up to the time of the nomination was but trifling. Certainly there were expenses afterward and the successful candidates paid the bills, but they could afford it, they had the bird in hand. Your correspondent from Clearfield justly objects to the high fee required of candidates. The only remedy is the delegate system, with all its old regulations. You can always find men to serve on the board, and if they and the delegates are to be paid expenses, let the successful candidates foot the bill. You claimed that the delegate system takes the nomination of candidates out of the hands of the people. Now this is surely an absurdity. If we select one or two men in whose honesty and competency we have confidence to act for us under our instructions, certainly 'tis we that make the nominations. These men are acting in a representative capacity and we need not be afraid of their betraying the trust reposed in them. In regard to each district being equally represented in the convention this could be adjusted by increasing the number of delegates or establishing a ratio of representation. I think Mr. Editor that if the party will seriously consider this matter with the light of the experience we have had recently in the party, our constantly diminishing majority, our repeated disasters and disgraceful family quarrels they will be willing to adopt any measure that will promise harmony and the recovery of our old prestige in little Cambria. I am no politician, being one of the rank and file with no axe to grind or benefits to expect, with but one motive and that the prosperity of our good old party in the county. I commend this subject to the careful deliberations of my Democratic brethren throughout the county. I consider it due to Chairman Gray to say that in making this call for a meeting of the Committee to consider this matter he does it in deference to the unanimous desire of the party in at least the northern portion of the county. Hoping that whatever is done will meet with the approbation of all, I am an

OLD DEMOCRAT.

Sheriff's Sales.

Sheriff Stineman has advertised the following properties at Sheriff's sale, at the Court House, in Ebensburg, on Monday, March 3, 1890, at 1 o'clock P. M.

The interest of Wilson Gallagher, in 100 acres of land in Allegheny township, about 65 of which are cleared, having thereon a plank house and log barn.

The interest of J. H. Swan in the timber on 40 acres of land in Barr township.

The interest of J. H. Swan in the timber on 130 acres in Barr township.

The interest of J. H. Swan in the timber on 140 acres in Barr township.

The interest of Jacob Layton, deceased in 80 acres in Jackson township, all cleared except 3 acres, having thereon a plank house and frame barn.

The interest of John T. Harris in a lot of ground in First ward of Johnstown, having thereon a two story plank house.

The interest of John T. Harris in two lots of ground in First ward of Johnstown, having thereon a two story frame double house.

The interest of John T. Harris in a lot of ground in Stonycreek township.

The interest of Philip Seymore in 85 acres of land in Carroll township, having thereon a two story brick house and frame barn.

The interest of David Quinn in a lot of ground in Tunnelhill borough.

The interest of Thomas McKenna and Mary Jane McKenna in a lot of ground in Tunnelhill having theron a two story house.

The interest of John L. Baum in 50 acres in Susquehanna township, about 20 of which are cleared, having thereon a plank house and log barn.

The interest of F. Smeeder in a lot of ground in Summit, having thereon a plank house and stable.

The interest of Barbara Repp in a lot of ground in Conemaugh township.

The interest of Oliver Reed in 55 acres of land in Blacklick township, about 40 acres of which are cleared, having thereon a frame house and log barn.

The interest of Daniel Burk in 86 acres of land in Gallitzin township, having thereon a plank house and frame barn.

The interest of Alex S. Story in 135 acres of land in Croyle township, (reserving the coal) having thereon a plank house and frame barn.

The interest of James R. McMullen in 78 acres of land in Clearfield township, about 50 acres of which are cleared, having thereon a frame house and barn.

The interest of Lewis McWilliex in 116 acres of land in Clearfield township, about 75 acres of which are cleared, having thereon a frame house, log barn and a saw mill.

The interest of A. J. Youngkin in a piece of land in Reade township, having thereon a two story plank house.

The interest of Mary E. Dempsey in a lot in Gallitzin borough, having thereon a two story plank house.

The interest of D. J. McLaughlin in 167 acres in West Taylor township, about 15 acres of which are cleared, having thereon a plank house and log barn.

The interest of William O'Harrow in a lot of ground in Chest Springs, having thereon a plank house and stable.

Ebensburg Borough Election.

BURGESS.	Kinkead, D.	Evans, R.
East Ward	21	53
West Ward	73	90
	94	143
Evans' majority over Kinkead		49

COLLECTOR.	Byrne, D.	Davis, R.
East Ward	15	70
West Ward	72	81
	87	151
Davis' majority over Byrne		64

AUDITOR.	H. Lloyd, D.	F. Davis, R.
East Ward	15	70
West Ward	68	85
	83	155
Davis' majority over Lloyd		72

WEST WARD.

Council—H. A. Englehart, D., 69; Thomas Davis, R., 91.

Constable—James Myers, D., 71; E. W. Humphreys, R., 79.

School Director—M. D. Kittell, D., 61; Dr. F. C. Jones, R., 97.

Judge of Election—Daniel Eberly, D., 66; Geo. L. Frederick, R., 85.

Inspector—Robert McBreen, D., 71; Richard L. Thomas, R., 81.

EAST WARD.

Council—Thomas D. Evans, R., 68; L. Esterline, D., 15.

Constable—Evan D. Evans, R., 67; William Byrne, D., 15.

Judge of Election—John D. Evans, R., 67; John Lloyd, D., 15.

Inspector—John T. Davis, R., 41; Jos. Brown, D., 19; John J. Evans, P., 28.

School Director—William Leighty, R., 63; V. Luttringer, D., 15.

CAMBRIA TOWNSHIP.

Justice of the Peace—John Kirschner, R., 121; John A. Jones, R., 125.

Judge of Election—Thomas L. Jones, R., 128.

Inspector—George D. Prosser, R., 53; E. J. Humphreys, R., 48; Joseph Noel, D., 17.

Supervisor—Four to elect—David J. Pryce, R., 105; Edward Thomas, R., 127; David D. Evans, R., 122; L. D. Rankin, R., 127; Thomas Jones, R., 61; John Good, R., 3; Paul Ellig, D., 19.

School Directors—David T. Reese, R., 82; D. D. Lewis, R., 111, Oliver Evans, R., 47.

Constable—John W. Tudor, R., 126; Joseph O. Thomas, R., 3.

Collector—John F. Tibbott, R., 128.

Auditor—Daniel J. Davis, R., 128.

Clerk—Jerry Lloyd, R., 128.

Buckien's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. Sold at the drug store of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

The Proprietors

Of Ely's Cream Balm do not claim it to be a cure-all, but a sure remedy for catarrh, colds in the head and hay fever. It is not a liquid or a snuff, but is easily applied into the nostrils. It gives relief at once.

Consumption Surely Cured.

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

ROYAL

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

The powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of the low test short weight, alum or phosphate powder. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall St., NEW YORK.

Political Announcements.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of County Treasurer at the next Democratic primary election, subject to the rules of the Democratic party.

HENRY J. HOPPLE.

Barr township, Feb. 19, 1890.

COUNTY TREASURER.—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the nomination of the office of County Treasurer, subject to the rules governing the Democratic party.

C. J. MAYER.

Johnstown, Pa., Feb. 12, 1890.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary election.

WILLIAM J. TIERNEY.

Cambria township, Feb. 18, 1890.

THRESHING MACHINES

A SPECIALTY.

Simplest, Most Durable, Economical and perfect in use—wastes no grain; cleans it ready for market.

THRESHING ENGINES POWERS. Saw Mills, Shingle Machines, Hay Presses, and Standard Implements generally.

A. B. FARQUAR CO., Limited.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue. | Pennsylvania Agricultural Works, YORK, PA.

Feb. 21, 1890.-4t.

Receipts & Expenditures

—OF—

Cambria County, Pa.,

—FROM—

January 7, 1889,

—TO—

January 7, 1890,

THOMAS E. HOWE, Treasurer.

	Dr.
To bal. on hands at last settlement	$ 14,897 15
To amt. of duplicate for 1889	88,757 37
To amt. received from redemption of lands	257 08
To amt. received from seated and unseated lands, 1887 and 1888	1,899 19
To amt. received from unseated lands for 1889	2,173 41
To amt received from Constables for 1888	1,995 10
To amt. borrowed money	20,000 00
To amt. received from Sheriff Gray and Stineman, jury fees and costs	292 56
To amt. received from M. D. Kittell, collections	1,933 16
To amt. received from H. A. Shoemaker J. P., fees and costs	225 62
To amt. received from H. G. Rose, Jethro Oldham judgment	200 00
To amt. received from W. A. S. Little, maintenance Henrietta Topper	140 00
To amt. received from I. Lilly, money rec'd at Poor House	497 27
To amt. received from miscellaneous sources	137 62
To amt. received from tavern licenses for use of county	5,846 25
	$139,211 78

THOMAS E. HOWE, Treasurer. Cr.

By amount paid—	
Assessors	3,527 20
Auditors (county)	470 20
Auditors (State)	84 00
Agricultural Association, Carrolltown	100 00
Boarding jurors	191 00
Boarding prisoners	5,127 73
Building bridges	11,264 10
Bridge and road views	293 30
Borrowed money	10,000 00
County Commissioners	1,200 00
Expenses of same	37 30
Commissioners' clerk	600 00
Commissioners' counsel	400 00
Court crier and tip staves	540 00
Constables	1,595 15
Criminal prosecutions	1,642 20
Court House expenses	1,104 10
District Attorney	1,912 00
Elections	4,066 54
Expressage and postage	80 99
Interest and discount on borrowed money	628 96
Inquisitions	228 25
Janitor of Court House	600 00
Jail and jailor	6,058 36
Jury Commissioners and clerk	99 00
Jurors (Grand)	834 48
Jurors and talesmen	94 00
Jurors (Traverse)	4,467 38
Miscellaneous	41 80
Probates	11 80
Prothonotary	1 237 90
Printing	2,184 16
Poor House Directors	247 02
Registry	925 48
Records	579 00
Fox and other scalps	58 30
Transcribing records	2,380 60
Road damages	415 00
Road fund	3,799 81
Refunding	3,844 52
Old orders	287 04
Reform School	1,080 92
Western penitentiary	1,959 52
Western Pensylvania hospital	2,131 29
Warren Insane Hospital	52 61
Teachers' Institute	200 00
Redemption of lands	210 16
Poor House orders	13,321 44
School fund	6,091 99
Sheriff	1,709 25
State tax	3,186 72
Soldiers' burial	694 68
Stenographer	524 75
Stationery	84 35
Surveying	22 05
Remaining in Constables' hands	5,226 18
Exonerations	4,551 50
Abatement to tax-payers	2,721 82
Treasurer's commission on $5,846 25 license money, 5 per cent. on $1,000, 1 per cent. on $1,000 and ½ per cent. on balance	79 28
Treasurer's commission 5 per cent. on $93,435 42, being amount collected less amount remaining in Treasurer's hands	4,671 77
Treasurer's commission 2½ per cent. on $5,385 23, money collected from various sources	138 65
Bal. remaining in hands of Treasurer	15,760 06
	$139,211 78

AMOUNTS DUE FROM CONSTABLES for 1889.

Peter Culleton, Cambria bor., 1st w.	$ 6 00
Andrew Culleton, Cambria bor., 2d w.	101 13
Archie Farrell, Prospect	187 14
Edward Connery, Conemaugh bor. 2d w	191 04
Caleb Butler, Coopersdale	103 78
Andrew Boucher, Millville, 2d w	4 00
Edward Connery, Conemaugh bor. 1 w.	151 89
A. J. Berkey, Grubbtown	97 25
W. A. Tillery, East Conemaugh	9 87
H. F. Burkhart, West Taylor	204 94
W. A. Killin, East Taylor	79 44
George Gilliimer, Woodvale	309 44
W. A. Lantz, Upper Yoder	100 00
John W. Stock, Lower Yoder	41 24
John C. Hanlon, Tunnelhill bor	202 83
S. A. Buck, Carrolltown bor	20 81
Alfred Miller, Ashville bor	112 48
Andrew Gallihan, Chest Springs bor	18 14
L. W. Detweiler, Clearfield twp	836 46
L. J. Hearer, Susquehanna twp	831 04
Thomas A. Brown, Washington twp	118 58
L. G. Gates, White twp	99 60
A. J. Skelly, Wilmore bor	80 45
John M. Watt, Gallitzin twp	201 62
George Yeakley, Gallitzin bor	289 71
Aeln Weakland, Elder twp	210 56
Isaac Weakland, Carroll twp	473 99
A. J. Miller, Dean twp	121 27
John Roehm, Summerhill twp	131 50
	$ 5,226 18

DISTRIBUTION OF LICENSE FUND TO Districts.

Adams twp., $37 50 less 5 per cent.	$ 35 62
Ashville bor., 360 less 5 per cent.	342 00
Barr twp., 75 less 5 per cent.	71 25
Carroll twp., 180 less 5 per cent.	142 50
Carrolltown bor., 900 less 5 per cent.	855 00
Chest Springs bor., 180 less 5 per cent.	171 00
Chest twp., 112 50 less 5 per cent.	106 87
Cambria bor., 2,400 less 5 per cent.	2,137 50
Conemaugh bor., 1800 less 5 per cent.	1,710 00
Croyle twp., 187 50 less 5 per cent.	178 12
Dean twp., 75 less 5 per cent.	71 25
Ebensburg bor., 380 less 5 per cent.	242 00
E. Conemaugh bor., 270 less 5 per cent.	256 50
Elder twp., 337 50 less 5 per cent.	320 62
Gallitzin bor., 810 less 5 per cent.	769 50
Franklin bor., 90 less 5 per cene.	85 50
Grubbtown bor., 90 less 5 per cent.	85 50
Johnstown bor., 3750 less 5 per cent.	3,591 60
Lilly bor., 810 less 5 per cent.	769 50
Loretto bor., 270 less 5 per cent.	256 50
Millville bor., 1260 less 5 per cent.	1,197 00
Portage bor., 225 less 5 per cent.	213 75
Prospect bor., 180 less 5 per cent.	171 00
Reade twp., 112 50 less 5 per cent.	106 87
Richland twp., 75 less 5 per cent.	71 25
Stonycreek twp., 112 50 less 5 per cent.	106 87
Susquehanna twp., 150 less 5 per cent.	142 50
South Fork bor., 270 less 5 per cent.	256 50
Tunnelhill bor., 360 less 5 per cent.	342 00
Washington twp., 337 50 less 5 per cent	320 62
Wilmore bor., 180 less 5 per cent.	171 00
Upper Yoder twp., 75 less 5 per cent.	71 25
Lower Yoder twp., 75 less 5 per cent.	71 25
	$ 15,339 89

AMOUNT DUE DISTRICT FROM SEATED and Unseated Lands 1887, 1888 and 1889.

DISTRICT.	ROAD.	SCHOOL.
Adams twp	$ 98	$ 53 20
Barr twp	10 75	21 61
Blacklick twp	75 89	105 47
Cambria twp	7 45	11 05
Chest Springs	36 12	57 83
Clearfield twp	44 98	19 44
Croyle twp	78 49	64 85
Conemaugh twp	39 66	21 66
Dean twp	63 54	21 60
Elder twp	75 53	101 89
East Taylor twp	27 33	34 35
Gallitzin twp	2 04	1 92
Jackson twp	59 56	74 38
Portage twp	229 79	292 98
Reade twp	81 65	139 99
South Fork ind. School District		108 29
Summerhill twp	8 31	28 35
Susquehanna twp	25 49	21 48
Washington twp	13 29	10 63
White twp	$1 02	71 09
Lower Yoder twp	25 87	36 27
Upper Yoder twp	10 83	10 83
West Taylor twp	15 47	27 39
	$1,081 11	$1,343 44

RECEIVED FROM CONSTABLES FOR 1888.

Porter R. Miller, Johnstown, 6th w.	$ 21 20
Archie Farrell, Prospect	30 75
Caleb Butler, Coopersdale	41 11
A. J. Berkey, Grubbtown	39 00
Wm. J. Uhlery, E. Conemaugh	5 13
Wm. Killin, East Taylor twp	121 83
Charles W. Haynes, Upper Yoder twp.	53 93
John C. Hanlon, Tunnelhill twp	30 00
Alfred Miller, Ashville bor	39 14
Anthony Gill, Chest twp	60 30
W. G. Vincent, South Fork bor	202 46
R. W. Delozier, Clearfield twp	287 37
L. J. Hearer, Susquehanna towdship	451 25
L. Gill, White twp	130 38
John W. Watt, Gallitzin twp	125 48
Thomas K. Hancuff, Gallitzin bor	82 74
Anselm Weakland, Elder twp	102 01
Isaac Weakland, Carrolltown	139 01
	$ 1 995 10

DUE COUNTY FROM JUDGMENTS.

Daniel Keffner et al	$ 10 42
R. H. McCartney et al	79 78
Robert Hollen and Robert G. Hollen	123 47
Barbara Rapp	88 15
	$ 191 82

ASSETS.

Due County from Judgments	$ 191 82
Due County from Constables 1888 1889	5,464 62
Balance in hands of Treasurer	15,760 06
Liabilities over assets	2,480 13
	$ 23,889 63

LIABILITIES.

Due districts from seated and unseated lands for 1888 and 1889	$ 2,424 55
Due individuals from redemption of lands	91 60
Due First National Bank, Johnstown, Borrowed money	10,000 00
Due Western Penitentiary	1,742 64
Due from outstanding orders	507 39
Due Poor and House of Employment	9,103 45
	$ 23,869 63

We, the undersigned, Auditors of Cambria county, Pa., respectfully report that we have carefully examined the vouchers and accounts of Cambria county from January 7, 1889, to January 7,

The Pet Bear.

Many years ago, a New Hampshire boy found a very young bear cub near Lake Winnipisseogee, and carried it home with him. It was fed and brought up about the house of the boy's father, and became as tame as a dog. Every day its youthful captor had to go to school at some distance, and by degrees the bear became his daily companion. At first the other scholars were shy of the creature's acquaintance, but ere long it became their regular playfellow, and they delighted in sharing with it the little store of provisions which they brought for their day's sustenance in small bags. After two years of civilization, however, the bear wandered to the woods, and did not return. Search was made for him, but in vain.

Four succeeding years passed away, and in the interval changes had occurred about the school alluded to. An old dame had succeeded to the ancient master, and a new generation of pupils had taken the place of the former ones. One very cold winter day, while the school-mistress was busy with her humble lessons, a boy chanced to leave the door half open on his re-entrance, and suddenly a large bear walked in. The consternation of the old lady and her boys and girls was unspeakable. Both school-mistress and pupils would frin have been "abroad," but the bear was in the path, and all that could be done was to fly as far off as possible, and hide behind the tables and benches.

But the bear troubled nobody. He walked quietly up to the fire-place, and warmed himself, exhibiting much satisfaction in his countenance during the process. He remained thus about a quarter of an hour, and then walked up to the wall where the provender bags and baskets of the pupils were suspended. Standing on his hind feet, he then took hold of these successively, put his paws into them, and made free with the bread, fruit and other eatables therein contained. He next tried the school-mistress' desk, where some little provisions usually were; but finding it firmly shut, he went up again to the fire, and after a few minutes' stay before it, he walked out by the way he came.

As soon as the school-mistress and her pupils had courage to move, the alarm was given to the neighbors. Several young men immediately started after the bear, and as its tracks were perfectly visible in the snow, they soon came up with it, and killed it. Then it was, by certain marks upon its skin, some of its purusers recognized in the poor bear no enemy, but an old friend of their own recent school days. Great regret was felt for the death of the creature. It was like killing a human friend rather than a wild animal.

Indian Ghost Feast.

Not long ago several hundred Sioux Indians held a grand "ghost feast" in the vicinity of Fort Lincoln, Dakota, and the few whites who witnessed the ceremonies were highly interested.

This curious feast is held in great reverence among the Sioux, but it will soon be abolished by order of the Indian Bureau, and, like the great "sun dance," be buried with the traditions of the past.

The feast is given by the relatives of those who have died or been killed in battle. At the Fort Lincoln feast there were six "ghosts," represented by six stakes about four feet in length, set up in the ground within the medicine lodge.

A piece of buckskin was sewed over the top of the stakes, upon which were marked eyes, nose, and mouth, to represent the head. Fifteen Indians, with the big medicine man of the village, were seated in a tepee, smoking, but rarely speaking to each other. Some live coals were brought and placed before the medicine man, who threw upon them sage brush, and holding some pemmican in the smoke chanted a weird song.

Little children were brought in and given the meat to eat, and some had their ears pierced. The pemmican was also given to the others in the lodge, and some placed at the feet of the ghosts.

Around the outside of the medicine lodge horizontal poles were placed, and to these the presents which the ghosts were to distribute were suspended, consisting of blankets, leggins, beaded moccasins, tobacco bags, and eagle feathers. After remaining for some time in view, they were removed and placed about the ghosts in the lodge.

The relatives now entered the lodge to commune with the departed spirits, and the presents were distributed to the favored ones.

The squaws sung and and cried, and made great exhibition of their grief. They cut their flesh with knives, suffering excruciating pains without a murmur to appease the wrath of the evil spirits, so that their loved ones may be joyful in the happy hunting grounds.

Upon the conclusion of the feast the lodge was taken down and the naked ghosts left standing.

Death to Bed-Bugs.

Close the doors and windows of the room as tightly as conveniently possible and burn about half a pound of sulphur in the room. To guard against any possibility of fire, put the sulphur in a shallow vessel and set it on a brick placed inside a pan partly filled with water. The sulphur may be more conveniently lighted with a hot iron than with matches. Open bureau drawers and other closed receptacles and let the bedding lie loosely around the room. At the end of the time open the doors and windows and let the fresh air circulate through. Do this from the outside of the room, as the sulphurous oxide is very suffocating. The room may be entered in a very short time. There may be a slight odor of the sulphurous oxide in the room for a few days but this will harm no one. I have never known this method to fail.

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy.

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy, a marvelous cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth and Headache. With each bottle there is an ingenious Nasal Injector for the more successful treatment of these complaints without extra charge. Price 50 cents. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.

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Will be found a Combination not always to be had.

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FINZER'S LOOK FOR THIS OLD HONESTY ON EACH PLUG

IF YOU ARE LOOKING FOR AN EXTRA SWEET PIECE OF CHEWING TOBACCO DON'T FAIL TO GIVE Old Honesty A FAIR TRIAL

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT DON'T TAKE ANY OTHER

JNO. FINZER & BROS., LOUISVILLE, KY.

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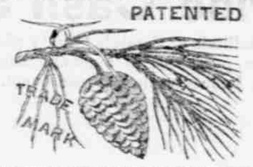

These Goods Contain the Leaves or Needles of the Pine Tree.

Use them for a pleasant smoke and speedy relief for *INFLUENZA, ACUTE AND CHRONIC CATARRH, CLERGYMEN'S SORE THROAT, HAY FEVER, ASTHMA AND ALL BRONCHIAL DISEASES;* they are free from adulteration, as nothing is used in their manufacture but the *BEST OF TOBACCO* and *FRESH PINE NEEDLES.*

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PINE NEEDLE CIGAR CO.

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REQUIRES NO BRUSH.

Sheds Water or Snow. Shoes can be washed clean, requiring dressing only once a Week for men, once a Month for women.

It is also an Elegant Harness Dressing.

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SALESMEN to sell choice Nursery Stock. Liberal Pay Weekly. Will pay salary, but can give something better to workers. No experience needed. Write FIELD E. YOUNG, Nursery man, Rochester, N. Y. A PRESENT. If you become my agent and will send $100, will give $2 for copy of this ad. Cut this out.

Dec. 6, '89.—2m.

A Woman Marries a Woman.

An extraordinary story, first published by a Vienna newspaper and then generally disbelieved, has since been confirmed in every particular, says a dispatch from Vienna: "A young man calling himself Count Sander Vay, who pretended to have fallen out with his family in Hungary, married last August a teacher at Klagenfurt, aged 27, a daughter of an inspector of woods and forests there. The marriage took place on a lonely farm in Hungary, a certain Father Imre officiating at the wedding ceremony.

"The newly married couple lived together some time, and afterwards visited the girl's parents in Klagenfurt, where the father-in-law was constantly fleeced by the alleged Count. Quarrels arose, and ultimately it turned out that the young Count's tales of himself were all inventions. The persons he referred to were imaginary, and the inspector was convinced he was a swindler. Something still stranger, and, indeed, unparalleled, soon came to light. Ere long it was found that the so-called Count was in reality a woman of 36, the Countess Sarolta Vay, daughter of the Colonel of Honveds, Count Landislaus Vay, one of whose daughters, named Sorolta, had been educated as a boy.

"All her life she had worn male attire, and recently had appeared in the uniform of the Honveds. She published a collection of poems under the name of Sander, and associated with young men, who were not in the secret, in many amusements. From Pesth, where eccentricities of that sort are hardly a rarity, she disappeared about a year ago, after which she was not again heard of till her arrest, on demand of her nominal father-in-law at Klagenfut. It is probable that Father Imre was not a priest, and that the girl, in going through the form of marriage, only executed another eccentricity in order to procure money, of which she was in great need."

Seed from Large Crops.

Whenever an extra large crop of good quality has been grown it is worth while to pay more than its market price for seed from it for future sowing and planting. The old rule, "Like produces like," has not been abolished, and, other things being equal, seed from a good crop is likely to produce more and better than seed from a poor one. We always select the best ears from corn for planting. With other grains it is not so easy on a large scale to select individual plants in a crop to furnish seed. It is done partially by choosing the largest, plumpest grains and winnowing out the poorest ones, but many of the heavy grains have been borne by weaker plants. On a field where the whole crop produces heavily, the bulk of the seed is presumably good; but it may for that reason require richer ground and more careful cultivation to maintain its superiority. In talking with a farmer recently, he suggested that the gradual falling-off in production of the bean crop was owing to planting beans that were apparently all right, but which had been grown from plants producing few pods and not many beans in a pod. He believed the prolificacy of the bean crop could be enormously increased by breeding up, selecting seed for a series of years from plants that produced most. The experiment is well worth trying, but it must be remembered that if this increased productiveness is to be maintained, the plants having this prolific habit must be duly fed and cared for.

An Immense Estate.

In Dakota and Manitoba the employment of single wheat estates of a hundred reapers and an aggregate of three hundred laborers for a season has been regarded as something unprecedented in agricultural history; but on one sugar estate in Cuba—El Balboa—from fifteen hundred to two thousand hands invariably negroes, are employed, who work under severe discipline, in watches or relays, during the grinding season, by day and by night, the same as in the large iron mills and furnaces of the United States and Europe. At the same time there are a few village communities where a like number of people experience the same care and surveillance. The male workers occupy quarters walled and barricaded from the women, and the women from the men. There are in every village an infirmary, a lying-in hospital, a physician, an apothecary, a chapel and a priest. At night and morning mass is said in the chapel and the crowds are always large. There is of a Sunday less restraint, though cesseless espionage is never remitted. On these days and on parts of holidays there is a rude mirth, ruder music, and much dancing. This picture is given somewhat in detail, because it illustrates how all-pervading and tremendous are the forces that are modifying society everywhere in civilized, partially civilized, and even barbarous countries, conjointly with the new conditions of production and consumption.

Give Stock Clean Food.

This is true economy. It has been well said that filthiness and uncleanness in food tend toward disease. The dissolution and decay of an animal fed on impure feed is much more hasty after death than that of one fed pure food. To some extent it is advisable to make a scavenger of the hog; but let him gather up things that decay and he can assimilate with profit to the owner, before that decay and send off unhealthy and offensive fumes, and not after they have decayed.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure.

This is beyond question the most successful Cough Medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariably cure the worse cases of Cough, Croup, and Bronchitis, while its wonderful success in the cure of Consumption is without parallel in the history of medicine. Since its first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a test which no other medicine can stand. If you have a Cough we earnestly ask you to try it. Price 10 cents, 50 cents, and $1.00. If your Lungs are sore, Chest or back lame, us Shiloh's Porous Plasters. Soldby Dr. J T Davison.

It Makes You Hungry

"I have used Paine's Celery Compound and it has had a salutary effect. It invigorated the system and I feel like a new man. It improves the appetite and facilitates digestion." J. T. COPELAND, Pelzer, S. C.

Paine's Celery Compound

is a unique tonic and appetizer. Pleasant to the taste, quick in its action, and without any injurious effect, it gives that rugged health which makes everything taste good. It cures dyspepsia and kindred disorders. Physicians prescribe it. $1.00. Six for $5.00. Druggists.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

The Best Spring Medicine.

"In the spring of 1887 I was all run down. I would get up in the morning with as tired a feeling, and was so weak that I could hardly get around. I bought a bottle of Paine's Celery Compound, and before I had taken it a week I felt very much better. I can cheerfully recommend it to all who need a building up and strengthening medicine." Mrs. B. A. Low, Burlington, Vt.

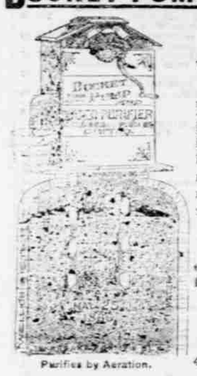
Spring medicine means more now-a-days than it did ten years ago. The winter of 1888-89 hasleft the nerves *all fagged out.* The nerves must be strengthened, the blood purified, liver and bowels regulated. Paine's Celery Compound—*the Spring medicine of to-day*—does all this, as nothing else can. *Prescribed by physicians, recommended by Druggists, Recommended by Ministers, Guaranteed by the Manufacturers to be*

DIAMOND DYES *Color anything any color. Never Fail! Always sure!* LACTATED FOOD *Nourishes babies perfectly. The Physician's favorite.*

DRINK PURE WATER

BY USING THE

BUCKET PUMP AND WATER PURIFIER



Purifies by Aeration.

IN YOUR WELLS AND CISTERNS.

Warranted to Purify a Foul Well or Cistern in Ten Days' Use or Money Refunded.

It will draw ten gallons of water per minute. Never has to be lowered. Is a perfect sanitary device. It will not rust or corrode, as the chain is made of galvanized iron. It is for single use only. Portable, therefore is ready for pulling water. It can be set up in different localities, as there is nothing to fasten it to. It will last forever, giving good pure water for a lifetime without repairs, as the parts are always submerged. Has no leather, rubber or wood in contact with the water to contaminate it. You do not have to waste a pailful of water to get a fresh, cool supply. Is always ready for use. Gives a full flow to the bottom, and the water is as fresh as a spring.

Price $10 for a ten-foot well or cistern; 50 cents for every additional foot in depth, after 10 feet.

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Importers and Jobbers of Music and Musical Merchandise.

We Make a SPECIALTY of Organs in Piano Cases, FINELY FINISHED and HAND POLISHED, in Rosewood, Ebony, Walnut and Antique Oak And containing our own Patented Improvements.

We acknowledge no rivals in above styles, in TONE, ACTION or WORKMANSHIP. Pianos and Organs in ALL styles. We are Manufacturers and make manufacturer's prices. Orders for anything in the music line will receive prompt attention. Correspondence Solicited. Live Agents Wanted.

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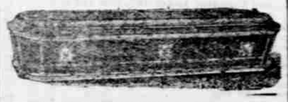

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Made in the locality and upon all the banking towns in the United States. Charges moderate.

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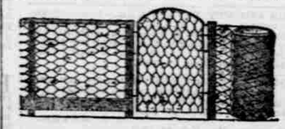

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The Compass.

The compass needle points to the north because practically the earth is a magnet, not differing essentially in its magnetic properties from a bar of magnetized steel. It has two poles of greatest intensity, and like most large steel magnets there are several supplemental poles of lesser intensity. Just as the pole of one bar magnet attracts the end of another, so the magnetic poles of the earth behave toward poles of the compass needle, unlike poles repelling each other.

It is well to modify the statement that the needle points north and south, as a matter of fact. There are but few localities on the earth where it does point due north and south, and these are constantly changing. An irregular line drawn from the mouth of the Orinoco River, through the east coast of Hayti, Charleston, S. C., and Detroit, Mich., represents very nearly the line in which there is no variation at the present time. In all the places east of this line the north end of the needle swings slightly to the westward; in all places west of it, to the eastward. At the mouth of the Columbia River the variation of the compass is about twenty two degrees east; in Alaska it is from forty to sixty degrees east; midway between New York and Liverpool it is about thirty five degrees west.

The reason is that the compass needle points, not to the [geographical,] but to the magnetic poles, and these do not coincide in position. The magnetic north pole, is at present, on or near the south-western shore of Boothia Peninsula, in the northern part of North America.

Its position is constantly changing, and in the last five hundred years it has moved about half the distance round the geographical pole. During the three hundred years in which observations have been carefully made at the Magnetic Observatory in Paris, the variations have changed from eleven degrees twenty minutes east of north, to twenty-two degrees ten minutes west.

In the United States the rate of the change in variations differs much in different parts of the country. In Washington State it changes at the rate of about seven minutes a year; in Arizona and New Mexico it is stationary; in the New England States it is from one to three minutes per year.

A Story of Dom Pedro.

A story is told of the ex-Emperor which well illustrates his character. When with the Empress he visited the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, and attempted to examine the exhibits, he was wedged in immovably by a gaping, excited, but good natured mob. He bore this patiently for two days. On the third day he resolved on a bold change.

"I shall see nothing," he said to his Secretary; "I must be incognito. Procure me some disguise."

The next day a stout farmer, with a coat, not of the newest, his wife on his arm in a rather shabby merino gown, shouldered his way through the gates, and spent the day in a close study of the educational systems of different countries. They thus quietly and unnoticed continued their observations for a week.

One day they met a group of twenty Brazilian civil engineers, students from a great polytechnic school. The young men stooped, hesitated in amazement, and then, with loud cheers and great excitement, saluted the farmer and his wife, bowing to the ground and kissing their hands.

"It is the Emperor," one of them explained, with tears in his eyes, to a bystander. "He is more than our king; he is the father of the people! Out of his own scanty purse he supports me and nine other orphans at our school. In every country he has his orphan boys in colleges and universities that they may bring knowledge of all arts and sciences to Brazil. He has just made a tour of Europe, and he comes here to find new inventions and ideas that may be useful to his people."

The boys gathered closely around Dom Pedro, while he asked each as to his health and success. He knew each of "his boys" personally, and was loved by them with a deep, grateful affection.

Advantage of Politeness.

An elderly lady, passing down a busy street in New York, was overtaken by a sudden shower. She was some distance from any acquaintance, and had no umbrella. She was deliberating what to do, when a pleasant voice beside her said:

"Will you take my umbrella, madam?"

The speaker was a boy, perhaps ten years old.

"Thank you," said the lady, "I am afraid you will get wet."

"Never mind me, madam; I am but a boy, and you are a lady."

Perhaps you will accompany me to a friend's, and then I shall not find it necessary to rob you."

The boy did so, and received the thanks of the lady, and departed.

Two years rolled away. The lady often related the circumstance and often wondered what had become of her friend, but little thinking ever to see him again. In the dull season of the year this boy was thrown out of employment; and the circumstances coming to the knowledge of this lady she gave him a good home until March, when she procured him a good permanent situation. Kindness seldom goes unrequitted, even in this world.

PETROLEUM, says a prominent writer, was known, and even refined, long before it was used in lamps. A Frenchman is said to have spent years in vain endeavors to construct a lamp in which the new oil would burn without smoking. Accident helped him at last. Vexed by failure, he had drained his wine flask—a long-necked, thin bottle, like oil flasks—and set it down on the table so hard as to break the glass bottom. He then chanced to catch it up and hold it over the flame of the smoking lamp. The smoke ceased, and he saw that what he sought was found.

Don't hit a man when he is down; he may get up.

MASON & HAMLIN

ORGAN AND PIANO CO.

BOSTON, NEW YORK, CHICAGO.

NEW MODEL ORGAN, STYLE 2244. Contains a five octave, Nine Stop Action, furnished in a large and handsome case of solid black walnut. Price $90 cash; also sold on the Easy Hire System at $12.27 per quarter, for ten quarters, when organ becomes property of person hiring.

MASON & HAMLIN PIANOS. The Mason & Hamlin "Stringer," invented and patented by Mason & Hamlin in 1882, is used in the Mason & Hamlin pianos exclusively. Remarkable refinement of tone and phenomenal capability to stand in tune characterize these instruments.

POPULAR STYLES ORGANS AT $22, $32.50, $60, $70, $96, AND UP.

Organs and Pianos sold for Cash, Easy Payments, and Rented. Catalogues free.

Oct. 4, 1889-4t.

I CURE FITS!

When I say CURE I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of

FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS,

a life-long study. I WARRANT my remedy to Cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a FREE BOTTLE of my INFALLIBLE REMEDY. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address

H. G. ROOT, M.C., 183 PEARL ST., NEW YORK

NO MORE OF THIS!

Rubber shoes unless worn uncomfortably tight, will often slip off the feet. To remedy this evil the

"COLCHESTER" RUBBER CO.

offer a shoe with the inside of the heel lined with rubber. This clings to the shoe and prevents the heel from slipping off.

Call for the "Colchester"

"ADHESIVE COUNTERS"

and you can walk, run or jump in them.

GASTON, WESTON & LADD, FOUNDERS, Boston, and 46 Beekman Street, New York. MANUFACTURERS OF GASTON'S PRESTOLINE PASTE, SILVER COMPOUND, LILLIBRIDGE'S OLD ENGLISH POLISH.

Gaston's Prestoline,

THE WONDERFUL METAL POLISH,

For Cleaning and Polishing

BRASS, COPPER, BRONZE, NICKEL, &c.

It will clean Metals with less labor than any preparation ever produced, giving a brilliant lustre which cannot be equaled, and which will last longer than any polish obtained by other means. Sold by the

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Suffering from the effects of youthful errors, early decay, wasting weakness, lost manhood, etc., I will send a valuable treatise (sealed) containing full particulars for home cure, FREE of charge. A splendid medical work; should be read by every man who is nervous and debilitated. Address

Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

The Crookedest Road in all Creation.

The most wonderful piece of railroad engineering I have seen, writes a correspondent, is on the line of the Piedmont Air Line in Western North Carolina. The railway leaves Ashville, that noted sanitarium, and proceeds as best it can to get over the Blue Ridge Mountains. First there is the Swannanoa tunnel, which is about a third of a mile long. After that there are six other tunnels somewhat shorter. Then from the top of the Mountain the railway undertakes to wind its way down into the valley of the Catawba River, or Mill Creek. The road here is probably the crookedest in all creation. It winds and twists, and twists and goes over upon itself in such a way that it is perfectly bewildering to the traveler who wishes to know in what particular part of the mountain he is. From Little Bernard, a peak that is above the Round Knob Valley, the railway can be seen in seventeen different places, working up and down the mountain, and no two sections of the track are on the same elevation. The train runs down this crooked iron pathway with all steam shut off and the brakes turned on. It is a scary experience for a traveler, but the road bed is perfect and has all been rock ballasted and laid with heaviest steel rails, and no accident has ever yet taken place on the portion of the line, so the chances are that, startling as the ride is to a traveler accustomed to level railways, they have less grades and crooks upon them. But anybow it is worth risking, something, if it is any risk, to enjoy the wonderful ride winding round the mountains and descending into the valley of the Catawba.

The Young Lawyer's Mistake.

Being told that in one of the Russian law courts there is a case which has been on the docket for more than six years, we are reminded of the humiliating fact that our own beloved country is very young. Still we are proud to say that in the brief time of our national existence we have succeeded in accumulating a large and choice assortment of cases which not only show our excellent intentions, but give evidence that in time we will have the most elaborate and costly collection of antique law cases in the civilized world. We believe we have no such chumps of lawyers as the one of whom the story is told in London. When he was a young man his father retired from practice, leaving the business to him. Within a week the young lawyer came home, and proudly proclaimed:

"Well, father, I have done in three days what you couldn't do in all the years of your practice."

"What is that my son?"

"I have settled that Noe estate case."

"Settled it, my son? Settled it, you say?"

"Yes, father, I have settled it in three days, and I could have done it in one if the judge had been at home."

"Young man," said the astonished parent, "you are an ass, a consummate ass. Why, sir, four generations of your ancestors have lived on that land and grown rich, and you and your children's children might have done the same if you had not been an egregious ass."

What he Discovered.

A handsomely-dressed young man entered a crowded street-car. A seedy whiskered old fellow, wearing a dilapidated slouch hat and a suit of homespun clothes, got up and said:

"Miss, take my seat. I don't like it as well as these here gentlemen," nodding at several men—"but I'm dreadful disinclined that I've got more politeness."

The young woman sat down with a thanking the old fellow; and she was winking at a woman whom she knew and whispered:

"How do you like my gallant country boy? Don't you think that old fellow would cut quite a figure in a dime museum?"

"Miss, said the old fellow, with a smile which clearly bespoke his unconsciousness of the unladylike ridicule, "I b'leve I left my pocket-book under that seat. Will you please get it for me minit?"

The young woman got up. The old fellow sat down, and stroking his whiskers, remarked:

"B'leve I'll just keep on a-settin' here Miss. I stood up so much in the dime museum just now that I'm mighty tired. I've got a leetle more politeness than these here gentlemen, but I'm dreadful disinclined that I shu'd act on so much sense."

Move on or Quit.

Farming is more progressive than almost any other branch of industry, and a farmer does not keep step with the advancing progress of the age, he had better seek some other employment. It is no use to sell out and seek a richer soil or more propitious climate. Work, constant and intelligent, is required in all climes and lands. Our private habits of great economy, but not skimp yourself or family. Stop the leaks and the wastes. Competition is more pressing and more intelligent now in the days just past. Have better implements and take better care of them. Breed and keep only the most profitable class of stock, make their stable warmer, and prepare their food with more care and feed it to them more regularly. Have arrangements made for cutting for rainy or stormy days. Attend to farm and stock so that Summer shall not be one grand rush and Winter a season of idleness. Move out of the ruts but not out of the State or neighborhood. Make everything count. Count carefully count everything. Or as well as elsewhere, a man seldom rises higher than his aim. If a farmer gets a start and wins, it is because he is a business man, and directs his farm on business principles.

Answer This Question

Why do so many people we see around us seem to prefer to suffer and be miserable by Indigestion, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Coming up of the Food, Yellow Skin, when for 75 cts we will sell them Shiloh's System Vitalizer guaranteed to cure them. Sold by Dr. J. T. Davison.